

The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager



EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

Published weekly and copyrighted, 1936, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter. February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
United States: \$5.00; Canada: \$5.50; Foreign: \$6.00. Single Copies: \$10.

VOLUME XXIV

Friday, June 5, 1936

NUMBER 6

CONTENTS

Communism Marches On.....	141	Cloudy Bay (<i>verse</i>).....	Eileen Duggan	155	
Week by Week.....	142	Seven Days' Survey.....		156	
President Azaña.....	Owen B. McGuire	145	The Play.....	Grenville Vernon	160
Mass in the Air.....	George N. Shuster	148	The Screen.....	James P. Cunningham	160
Saint Cecilia.....	Edward A. Maginty	150	Communications.....		161
A Man's Job.....	Gerald Raftery	152	Books.....	Francis X. Connolly,	
Grandma and the Death Hound..	Frances Frost	154		Geoffrey Stone, Anselm Strittmatter,	
				Edward J. Clarke.....	163

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*

COMMUNISM MARCHES ON

ON SEVERAL occasions recently, Pope Pius XI has renewed those warnings against Communism which he has been uttering constantly ever since his election as head of the Catholic Church. So emphatic were the words he used on May 11, when addressing a group of pilgrims, and again on May 12, when inaugurating the World Catholic Press Exhibition, that the secular press gave them wide circulation, at least in those countries where freedom of the press, and some respect for religious interests, are still maintained. As the Pope expressed the matter, of all the perils which confront human society today, "the first, the greatest and the most general peril, is certainly Communism in all its forms and degrees."

In estimating the degree of respect which non-Catholics who are not Communists are likely to apply to the papal warnings, there are several important points to be considered. The first one is the fact that although Communism is everywhere

the avowed and implacable enemy of the Church, the Pope, in opposing Communism, is more concerned with its danger to society in general than with its danger to the Church. It is, as he himself put the matter, not only as the Head of the Catholic Church, but also, and even more so, as "the son of our times," that he is now seeking so earnestly to arouse the governments of the world, and the leaders and makers of public opinion, to the constantly increasing strength, and success, of Communism.

Before dealing further with this point, a second point, which connects with it closely, should be borne in mind, namely, that there is no news agency anywhere, and no government information department, that is better equipped for gathering authentic knowledge of what is happening in the world than the Vatican. Through its own diplomatic channels, its press agencies, and its worldwide ecclesiastical organs, everywhere in intimate

relations with all classes of society, and all human institutions, the Holy See is vibrantly alive to all human events. With this fact in mind, it will be easier for us to understand the Pope's point of view as a "son of our times, as We personally witness particulars and events that threaten our contemporary institutions. . . . [Communism] is a great and universal danger which threatens the entire world. The universality of the program of Communism is unveiledly proclaimed, invoked, procured and then promoted by propaganda. And this propaganda is the more dangerous when, as in recent days, it assumes an attitude less violent in appearance, less impious in its aim to penetrate into places which would be less accessible were that violence continued. And, also, it obtains in places incredible success or, at least, it is met with the silence of tolerance, an inestimable advantage for the cause of evil, and one of unhappiest consequence for the cause of good."

The reason why the Holy Father—as he watches Communism consolidate itself so triumphantly in Russia, and its followers win such tremendous advances in Spain, and France, and Mexico, and various South American countries, and also winning converts constantly in other lands, the United States notably included—is "more painfully preoccupied for purely human, social and state institutions than for the Catholic Church," goes straight to the center of the Catholic faith. "It is not," as he told the world, "because we are not profoundly afflicted also by the thought of tribulations which the forces of evil prepare for the Mystical Body of Christ in the persons of the good and faithful servants of God, and still more by the thought of the shipwreck that so many souls will suffer in the unchaining of error and vice, sustained by violence, deceit and iniquitous laws, as we already see repeated examples. But the Church is a Divine institution and has in its favor the Divine promise. Adverse force may assume most threatening proportions, their assaults may become more violent and insidious than ever, but it is written that they cannot prevail against the Divine Word which cannot be cancelled." But human institutions—free governments, family rights, individual liberty, property rights, freedom of education—these may, these indeed do, disappear like dust in the wind of communist revolution.

Giving particular application to the Pope's general statement, *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican City daily newspaper, and semi-official organ of the Holy See, followed up his warning by pointing out the insistent and permanent pressure being brought to bear by Communism upon political developments in Europe, especially in Spain and France. Moscow, as the *Osservatore* indicates, is no longer engaged in "an indirect, clandestine, extra-legal activity, but in clear and confessed

revolutionary tactics which, in Spain and in France, have inspired the electoral organization of 'Popular Fronts,' and, at Geneva, contribute considerably to the crisis of organized society." This view it finds confirmed by the recent publication of the Communist party for the coming year. This "has two principal ideas: reaffirmation of the need of the foreign proletariat for the world revolution under the protection of the Comintern, and insistence upon the need for the national organization of the U. S. S. R. [the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics of Russia] in order to speed up military, economic and industrial preparations so as to meet any threat."

In Spain, the clever tactics of the Communists were particularly successful, and hardly less so in France. There were three distinct stages of the Communist operation. First, there was a period of pre-electoral moderation, by which the leaders of the Communist section of the Popular Front sought, and obtained, the votes of the bourgeois elements of the Left-wing parties. Secondly, there was a period during which power was conceded by the Communists to the other groups of the Popular Front, comprised of the moderate parties, so as to thrust upon the latter the responsibility for measures dispersing social assemblage, and, finally, a period of renewed revolutionary violence. Largo Caballero, the "Spanish Lenin," announced at a Madrid meeting that now "the dictatorship of the proletariat is at hand and the new régime will not be able to establish it by pacific means but with violence." As a prelude to the real revolution, somewhere between 60 and 100 churches and convents were destroyed, and between 70 and 300 people were killed, and nearly 1,000 injured.

Perhaps the success of Communism is more truly menacing in its steady conversion of adherents in this country and in England, than in the bloodshed and violence which accompany its progress in Spain and Mexico. Tolerance extended to Communism is the Achilles's heel of democracy.

Week by Week

SELDOM has an evaluator of weekly news been presented with so many eddies of confusion. The national political scene, still troubled by recent important disagreements between the Executive and the courts, failed to indicate that at any fixed point the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt was being allied. To all intents and purposes, the Republicans had not yet made up their minds. Congress, fearful of an unpopular tax measure as well as of the voting strength mustered by Dr. Townsend, offered a more than usually impressive example of the pre-

election legislature. In New York, the effects of Governor Lehman's decision not to run again was being interpreted as a severe blow to the Democratic cause, while the echoes of the strange political fighting which recently shook states as disparate as Illinois and California were still very audible. The future of America's insular policy was vaguer than ever, with the status of Puerto Rico the major issue. The ranks of the national Left parties were in added disarray following a wide-open split between the Thomas and the Waldman forces. Nor was the maxim that all things change left unsupported in economic discussion. Obviously the main topic was what the government would do about silver purchases, now that adventures into bimetalism have proved the target for Mr. Roosevelt's most effective critics. But there was also much uncertainty regarding the ultimate effect of cheap money and, with that, of the bond market, where interest has been discounted in a fashion almost unprecedented. With the foreign situation cloudier than ever—for who could tell what would be the story of French unemployment or of Italian poverty?—the shadow of coming events in this department was likewise difficult to foresee. Nevertheless the confusion thus outlined is not chaos. The country is decidedly not in a defeatist mood. Everybody knows that real progress has been made, and everybody is quite certain there will be more.

SECRETARY ICKES, before the Palestine Fund Dinner in New York, gave admirable general support to the great Jewish Ignorance race and religion, and in general, a and reasoned support of liberal government, which not only promises "the Intolerance greatest possible happiness and welfare for those who follow the majority in its thoughts and opinions; it is equally true that only under liberal governments can minority groups prosper and thrive." He made one point with his renowned vigor, however, which deserves more exposition than he gave it: "... We have learned that ignorance more than all other physical and spiritual forces together, has been responsible for the injustices, the cruelties and the savageries of mankind." The only way to concede that this is true is to give "ignorance" a much more specialized meaning than is anywhere implied in the address. The intolerance of National-Socialism, for instance, is not based on the common or garden variety of ignorance, either among Nazi leaders or among the highly educated German public. The intolerance of Communism, in Russia or anywhere else, is not the result of any lack of information among Marxists. The Fascism of Italians did not arise from naive ignorance. All these groups are as wise in their way and as sophisticated as the next. They give every impression of

deliberately deciding that they cannot have the type of happiness and welfare they want while granting tolerance to others and then of deliberately smashing the others. In the most liberal of states this same attitude is present in more than just traces, and it doesn't seem difficult to understand. It isn't the "noisome cave" of ignorance that "spawns cruelties, injustices, oppressions, prejudices and intolerances." Crude ignorance may help, but when there is bad will, it isn't required. And even ordinary bad will isn't necessary. A special kind of ignorance of the truth which is only known through love and faith spawns corrupt principles and actions such as Secretary Ickes rightly deplores.

THE case of the Wrangel Island polar station chief who is now on trial in Moscow for terrorization and murder is not without parallel, of course, in the records of pathology and crime. The circumstances vary: not every criminal egomaniac has a helpless island isolated in an icy ocean at his disposal. But aside from the accident of situation, which enabled the horror story to attain a creepy completeness like that of the fiction which deliberately "piles it on"—the jailing of dissenters, the sadistic murder of eskimos by slow starvation, the instigated killing of the expedition's doctor, who challenged the despot, the banishment of the doctor's wife to Traitor Bay, a certain death just averted by the arrival of the investigator—aside from the individual details, the case probably will be found to come within a recognizable category of aberration. But even if its inception cannot be imputed directly to Soviet atmosphere and example, the moral anomaly presented by the trial might, one would think, make the least thoughtful observer pause. It is said that the Soviet government feels the matter to be so grave that the Attorney General himself is prosecuting. It will be interesting to hear what this high representative of the U.S.S.R. has to say about the practise of wiping out dissenters. Or about the technique employed in doing away with the eskimos. Stalin disposed of a much larger number of people in that way not many years ago: not by necessity of accident—they had refused to grow their allotted grain quota, so he took what they had grown and left them to die of hunger. Governing becomes a dingy business at times under any dispensation. But we doubt that any man regards the things done officially in Russia, with no sign of tears on the part of their doers, as deserving even the honor of being so listed. They belong in a separate division. We are sure, we say, that civilized men would admit this when looking at these things. What we cannot understand is why so many civilized men find it so easy to look away.

THEY gave Charles Maurras eight months in jail for having provoked an attack upon Léon Blum, and therewith incidentally for having helped to make him Premier of France. It was an important decision because one can never tell what the effect of a "political sentence" will be. L'Action Française does very well by its "martyrs," being entirely familiar with the best arts of advertising. Very interesting was Maurras's defense: he said that Blum threatened to foment a war against Italy, to forestall which calamity justified the use of drastic means. The defense of Mussolini by French extremist-royalists is, of course, not surprising, for the reason that a common ideology binds the two together—a point made again and again by Maurras anti-clericals when their organization was condemned by the Holy See and Fascismo was not. But that defense was also shrewd politics. As a matter of fact, few things on earth could be more depressing than are current French-Leftist journal attacks on all things Italian. These afford so gross a caricature that the Gallic sense of balance must sooner or later revolt against so much untruth. When this reaction sets in, M. Maurras will once again be out of jail. And he is not the man to overlook an opportunity. The "thorn in the side of the French republic" may sting far more a year hence than he does now. But of course he will never be more than a thorn. Meanwhile the anti-Italian propaganda has moved Mr. Gouverneur Paulding to write a spirited counter-piece in the current *Esprit*. Out of his long familiarity with Italy, he diagnoses much that has recently occurred as the protest of a poor people again its poverty; and we concur that a hungry nation must not be judged solely by its uprisings against fate but still more by its long tradition of being a laborious, thrifty and wise race.

NOTHING could make one so sure of the inevitability of a thorough shake-up of western social institutions than the behavior of the imperiled aristocracies. When those who have influence and power use these things like frivolous fops, the hour of upheaval is close at hand. The news that comes to us from Spain shows more and more clearly that the evil from which the country suffered was not monarchy as such—the actual behavior of the King was very good—but the institutionalized higher classes from which the crown could not be separated. Desultory rakes who believed that Spain could be saved by promoting bull-fights rather than agriculture thought also that putting the people in their customary place was better than carrying out the elementary reforms for which the nation thirsted as a July field does for rain. Nor is the

information derived from other places a great deal better. How unconscious are the established spendthrifts of our own America of the bitterness which rises as they pass! They can and are accused, as were their ancestors of the eighteenth century, of buying brides and divorces, privileges and occult amusements. In few respects is the rhythm of history so constant as in this. The bees of the human hive throw out their drones, too; and though the process is less swift it is just as merciless and thorough. Naturally the event is, when it occurs, appalling. For men need aristocracies. When they have destroyed one they must wait in the gloom until another has been recruited. If there could then be something like an evangelization of the élite, how much good it would do! Those forces which are actually making the attempt need especial fostering.

NOT EVERY English poet has been diffident in speaking of his own performances. Shakespeare incorporated an immortal boast of immortality in one of his most beautiful sonnets. Milton has left on record his high esteem of his own gifts. Tennyson was so affected by "Maud" that tears streamed down his cheeks when he recited it. And while perhaps Mr. Shaw does not logically belong in the list, on the principle laid down by the epigram regarding a famous historical institution, that it was "neither holy or Roman nor an empire"—Mr. Shaw being neither holy (as we are sure he would be the first to admit) nor English nor a poet—yet few would have the strength to exclude him from any group of writers known to regard themselves with confidence. Yet there is a tradition of the opposite sort, which perhaps explains the utterance of the admirable Crichton—successful athlete and stroke of the Oxford crew—who has just won that university's famed Newdigate Prize. William Morris, for instance, is said to have showed pleased surprise when his "Defense of Guenevere" was praised, and to have observed: "If this is poetry, it is very easy to write." There is a long list of adventurer and soldier bards—Byron and Rupert Brooke are perhaps the examples nearest the modern mind—who lightly laid aside the pen, and thankfully took up the sword: a form of manly modesty, one must admit, no matter what one may happen to think of fighting. On the whole, then, young Mr. Winsor is in good company when he says, regarding his prize poem, "Rain": "It doesn't rhyme, and I am not sure what meter it's written in." Young aspirants to the bay, however, should receive a parting caution: to be able to be truly diffident about one's own creations is very charming; but to create things it is possible to be truly diffident about is not necessarily the surest way to live forever.

PRESIDENT AZANA

By OWEN B. MCGUIRE

WHATEVER course Spanish politics may take for the next five or six years, it is certain that the man who is now president will have much to do in giving it direction. It is, therefore, of interest to see what manner of man he is and what his ideals of revolution and government are.

Manuel Azaña y Diaz, to give him his full name, as every Spaniard has two surnames, that of his father and that of his mother—was born at Alcalá de Henares. The boy lived with his grandparents and received his primary education at the college of the Fathers of Pious Schools. (In Spain every school under the university, even the kindergarten, is, or can be, called a college.) From Alcalá he passed to the college of the Augustinians at the Escorial, where he was a student, intern, for five years; so that up to his twentieth year he was always under Catholic direction and had Catholic priests only as his teachers. It was, so he says, at the end of this period he “liberated his intelligence” and “gave free rein to his personality” by abandoning the Catholic faith.

In competitive examination he was now awarded a free scholarship at expense of the government, for study abroad. He chose Paris and for the next three or four years was a law student at the Sorbonne. While there he became enamored of the French military system, on which he has written a notable book; acquired an interest in French literature, and became, it seems from his writings and speeches, hypnotized by the works of Ernest Renan, who was still in great vogue among intellectuals of Paris. His ideal revolutionaries are still the French of the eighteenth century. Returning to Madrid, he became a free lance journalist, and for a short time edited a little periodical of his own which he named *La Pluma* (the *Pen*). There were in Spain at that time two Republican parties, the Radical and the Federalist; but Azaña joined neither. If he can't be a leader, he will not play second fiddle. He moved among the more radical of the Monarchists, and took office as under-secretary in one of the ministries.

But he first attracted attention as an author; and for his activities in the Madrid Ateneo. This is a kind of literary club which pretends to afford a platform “for all ideologies.” It is in fact, and

Recent tumultuous occurrences in Spain have led, with a kind of logical necessity, to the election of Manuel Azaña to the Presidency. What manner of man is he? The author of the following paper, a priest very familiar with Spanish affairs, presents herewith a biographical sketch based to a large extent upon documentary evidence. But there are also numerous glimpses of the country and its political alignments, based upon information garnered at first hand by a careful and interested observer.—The Editors.

always has been, a nest of Freemasons, atheists and radicals of various types, with the common denomination of “Free-thinkers.” Fifty years ago it was dubbed *El Blasfemero Nacional* by the great literary critic and *poligrafo*, Menéndez y Pelayo. Azaña was its

president for several years, and when the republic came in, he was its secretary. It is worth noting that on the night in May, 1931, when they were preparing to burn the convents and churches, a delegation from the Ateneo called at the Ministry of the Interior and demanded the resignation of Maura, one of the two Catholics (out of eleven) in the Provisional Government.

Azaña is the author of several books, some of which have been highly praised by the critics for their artistry. He knows English—and, of course, French. Even since the advent of the republic he has published a translation of “The Bible in Spain” of George Borrow, to which he has written a lengthy introduction. Three of his books are at present of intense interest as revealing not only the native character of the man but also his amazing conception of religion, revolution, democracy, government and politics in general.

These books are: (1) “*Plumas y Palabras*” (“Pens and Words”), which is a collection of articles that had appeared in *La Pluma* and other periodicals. (2) “*La Corona*.” This is a drama which was put on the stage for the first time—and the last—soon after he became Prime Minister in 1931. It may seem strange to search in a drama for the author's personal character. It has been said that no two characters in Shakespeare's plays are alike. That is because Shakespeare was a dramatist. Azaña is not a dramatist; and if he wrote a thousand plays, the hero of each would be Azaña. And Lorenzo, the hero in “*La Corona*,” is an exact portrait of Azaña the revolutionary and “governor at the apex of power.” (3) The most revealing of the three books, however, is “*El Jardín de los Frailes*” (“The Friars' Garden”). This is a romantic autobiography. At least, that is its form. In it he deals but briefly with his younger years at Alcalá. It was at El Escorial he began to dream, “to find his personality” and free it from “all inhibitions.” The dreaming was done while lying on his back in the “Friars' Garden” (one of the most beautiful

of the many gardens in Spain deservedly renowned for their beauty), or leaning on the window-sill of his room gazing upward toward the mountains and wondering whether "this force within me" could not dominate even the mountains.

I am not a man of letters, much less a critic of letters. But in these past fifty years I have read many books, and of them all "El Jardín de los Frailes" is the strangest. It is unique. It is chiefly an apology for his apostasy, and this is founded on the claim that "the spirit within me" should submit to no restraint, discipline or "inhibitions" of any kind. The Christian religion, which imposes these things, is a system of slavery, and therefore hateful. The Friars, who are its representatives in imposing them, are equally hateful. "The human mind has been in slavery for 2,000 years." Christianity is a system of "cowardice founded on fear." The fear of punishment in another life is the only motive Christians have in obeying its precepts. This idea occurs again and again in the books referred to. And here it will not be out of place to note a calumny of the Spanish clergy which has been repeated in the secular press, especially of England. I have seen it even in one Catholic periodical. On the score of what is called morality in the narrow sense, the clergy of Spain are as irreproachable as any other clergy in Europe. In all the propaganda of calumny and denunciation of the clergy, carried on for the past five years by the radical press, this charge has never been made against them—in Spain. In this book Azaña, addressing his fellow atheists who would not believe that the clergy can lead a chaste life, says: "You cannot judge them by your own norms. They live in dread of eternal punishment which to you is a superstition but to them a reality." He sees, or pretends to see, no other motive for religious practise or obedience to any authority. He had, he says, lived under that fear himself; but once he became convinced that it was a superstition, he was a free man and could give "free rein to the force within me."

But how did he arrive at that conclusion? That is the peculiar feature of Azaña's writings whenever he touches on this subject. There is never any argument or pretence at argument to show from reason that the Christian religion is false or to show from history that it has worked to "the degradation of humanity for 2,000 years." He finds all his arguments, if arguments they can be called, by looking in upon himself. The good Friars saw at the Escorial the character they had to deal with. He tells it very frankly. They warned him of "a little demon of pride" he carried within him that would destroy him if he did not overcome it. Overcome it! He dreaded it. Once at Alcalá he heard a Jesuit preach and he thought that during the whole sermon the preacher was pointing a finger at him. When he went home, he threw himself

on the bed and wept bitterly. But the more he held commune with the little demon, the less he feared it. Soon he came to love and admire it. It was no longer little, and if given free rein, would lead to great things. That was his emancipation.

Equally characteristic is his account of how the last bond of "the slavery of fear" was snapped. It was at the death-bed of a classmate. The Prior had called them into the room and was reading the prayers for the dying. The last words—*in vitam aeternam*—fell on the little demon inside like a burning coal. Life everlasting! That means that I have to fear an everlasting punishment! What superstition! What slavery of fear! From that moment he was a free man. When they came out into the corridor the Prior told them it would be well to receive Holy Communion next day for their departed classmate. "No me confieso mas," answered Azaña—"I go to confession no more."

In like manner he pretends no arguments from history to show that Europe has been enslaved by "fear and cowardice" since it accepted Christianity. Of that the little demon within him is sufficient proof. In Spain, as in the other so-called Latin countries, those writers who reject the Faith can be divided into two classes: those whose atheism takes the form of a blind and implacable hatred of the Catholic Church; and those who having lost the Faith, or born in atheism, yet see and acknowledge that the Church saved from extinction what they call "the Greco-Roman tradition," and nurtured it into the civilization of which they are proud and grateful to be heirs. Of this second class there are several eminent representatives in contemporary Spain, among them Gasset y Ortega, the philosopher, Melchiaz de Alvarez, leader of the Liberal Democratic party, and Miguel Unamuno, rector of the University of Salamanca. Unamuno some years ago published a book with the title, "The Greco-Roman Tradition"; and it seemed so Catholic in its view of the history of Europe that a Catholic periodical in this country reproduced a whole chapter from it and attributed it to "a distinguished Spanish Catholic"!

But Azaña belongs to the first class. For him "all revolution is an insurrection against tradition." He quotes a passage from Taine—who in this respect belongs to the second class: "The dead have their rights in society as well as the living, because this society which we have and enjoy, the dead made, and we are their heirs on condition that we fulfil their last will and testament." To which Azaña responds: "Tradition is a sacred thing! But the revolutionary ideal is exactly an insurrection against history, namely against all the compromises, bonds and prejudices which in Europe have conspired to strangle *the spontaneity of human life* for two thousand years." (*Italics inserted.*)

This idea of revolution, as he understands it, occurs constantly in his writings before the change of régime, and in his speeches since. From it derives his conception of the task now before him, his contempt of democracy as we understand it, and, equally, his contempt of what was called Liberalism in the last century. In answer to Lerroix's statement—that the Republicans did not, and of themselves could not, bring in the republic, that this was done "by the votes of the neutral mass," and that it was the duty of leaders to consolidate the régime by showing these that the republic was one of equal rights for all, where every Spanish citizen who obeyed the law could live in peace—Azaña replied: "Granted that we got the republic by these votes. But there would have been no republic had there not been some men with specific revolutionary ideals behind the movement. These ideals must be realized before we have a free Spain—the Revolution is still on the march. It does not matter whether those opposed to that ideal are a minority or a majority." "They must be crushed or they will crush us." Then we will have a Spain in which all can live in peace. From which we are to understand, says Gonzales Diaz, literary editor of *El Debate*, that *España is Azaña*—Spain is Azaña.

As I have intimated, it would be interesting to see how in the change of régime and since, Azaña has acted in accordance with these "ideals of revolution" which he had given in his writings. That he should have accepted the Presidency is surprising. Azaña is a man of consuming pride and unbridled ambition—"unbraked ambition," Lerroix told him to his face in the Cortes. He wants, to use his own phrases, to be "in the apex of power," to "realize his ideal revolution"; and the apex at present is not in the ex-Royal Palace of the Presidency, but in the Premier's seat at the head of the Banco Azul. The Presidency affords a large salary and a comparatively easy life. But Azaña's chief interest is to "reform" the army, the Civil Guard (National Police), the Civil Service and the Courts of Justice, by packing them all with his own creatures.

He may have accepted the Presidency because he could not have elected another upon whom he could depend to do his bidding; and he can hold the Presidency for six years. Also, as President he can choose the opportune time and circumstances "to make the elections"—a significant Spanish phrase. In any case, the outlook for Spain is not encouraging. Reforms—social, economic and religious—that were crying for solution would have been comparatively easy a generation ago. With men like Azaña in power they will now be very difficult. The most serious obstacles to Christian reconstruction will be the inhibitions placed on the religious education of the young and the Marxist drive to solve the economic prob-

lem in ways that will leave the toiling masses in a condition worse than their present one. For, because of its very large number of small industries—there is practically no mass production—and of small land holdings, there is no country in Europe so ill-adapted for experiments in Socialism.

But in one sense the Revolution has been a blessing in disguise. It has aroused Catholics, lay and clerical, from their apathy and inertia, and they have begun to do many things they should have done two or three generations ago. It has also destroyed the old corrupt system of group government that depended largely on local bosses, and given the masses of the people what they never had before—political consciousness and an active interest in government. If the Church in Spain now enjoyed freedom of action, the outcome would not be doubtful. But for the immediate future that "if" is a very big one. I do not believe, however, that there is any immediate danger of a Soviet régime in Spain. There are many people in Spain who would fight to the death to prevent the establishment of "A Federation of Soviet Republics"—what Largo Caballero calls for—but who are not prepared to make sacrifices for the sake of religion. There is no use in closing our eyes to the fact that this is because the mass of the people have not been instructed in their religion. Hence not only the so-called "workers" have been captured by the Socialists, but Socialism has also to a very considerable extent penetrated the ranks of the "white-collar" wage-earners.

The late elections also prove to evidence what I wrote in another place three and a half years ago—that Spanish women will vote with the men of the same class. It was the votes of the Socialists that carried female suffrage through the Cortes in 1931. It was the only question on which Catholics and Socialists united. At that time the Catholic Deputies in the Cortes numbered only 60 in a total of 473. The Socialists believed that female suffrage would augment their power, and the sequel proves to evidence that they judged rightly. Because they are more easily influenced by emotion and sentiment than by reason, women are liable to become more radical than men. There is abundant evidence of this in another "Catholic country." It was a band of women who founded in Dublin the association of "Friends of Soviet Russia," and who still control it. I have gone over the official returns of the February elections in Spain. There are fifty-eight constituencies. The number of men and the number of women on the register are given separately. In fifty-two of the fifty-eight constituencies the women outnumber the men. Yet the *New York Times* suggests that whatever success the party led by Gil Robles had was due to the votes cast by women.

MASS IN THE AIR

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

IN THE name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost! Thus, in the traditional language of the ages, began the first Mass ever said on any vessel of the air. It was May 8. The Hindenburg had driven, almost meteor-like, across land and sea, carrying celebrities and adventurers on a new effort to vanquish the distances which separate men. Few suspected that the priest on board had received from the Holy See, through the good offices of the Berlin Nuncio, permission to say Mass. There was no chapel. Altar-stone and sacred vessels were placed on chests. A passenger—Dr. Max Jordan, of the N.B.C.—had volunteered to serve as acolyte. And then Father Paul Schulte, widely known as the "Flying Father," dedicated the wide realms of the air to Christ the King in solemn commemoration of the Last Supper and Golgotha. It is said that a sense of nearness to religious verities was stirred in even those who had long since forgotten the existence of such verities. And America, for its part, read of the Mass almost more eagerly than it did of the Zeppelin voyage itself.

Father Schulte is not the sort of person you meet every day. A German of the true Westphalian stamp, whose motto has always been "Never say die," who is proud as a peacock of having been both a soldier and a priest, he has built up one of the greatest religious organizations in modern Germany. As tall and broad as the grenadiers of yore, he preserves the enthusiasm and energy of youth. Dr. Eckener is the same kind of man, excepting that he is as devoted to aeronautical science and its application as Father Schulte is to religion.

It was, therefore, appropriate that in his address to an improvised congregation this priest should have said in part: "*Gloria tibi*, therefore, to God the Father, who created the earth; to God the Son, who redeemed the earth; and to God the Holy Spirit who hallowed the earth. Let the 'Amen' be pronounced by the skies and the marvelous clouds which surround us, by the ocean over which we are hovering, by the sun, the breeze, and the stars. Let the 'Amen' be spoken by the motors, the wonderful airship, the crew, the passengers. *Gloria tibi!* Glory be to Thee today, tomorrow and in all eternity, Amen." These phrases are so eminently characteristic of the man who uttered them that it would be difficult to improve upon the description they imply.

To keep the pennant of the Faith on high, despite the storms engendered either in the recesses of nature or in the heart of man—this is

the ideal to which all good priests are dedicated, and Father Schulte is just a good priest. It would be most fallacious to read any other purpose into the Hindenburg Mass. The man who said that Mass is quite too direct and clean of heart to be capable of anything subtly complex, any mere scheme or machination.

Some years ago, during a sojourn in Germany, I began to hear something about MIVA, an organization founded to provide missionaries with transportation equipment. There was a great deal of interest in the matter; for, though the Germans had ceased to be a colonizing folk, they all kept on loving travel dearly and they looked upon the foreign missions, both Catholic and Protestant, as a means of expressing this national urge. But since I was pursuing the hares of political change, it was not my good fortune to become acquainted then with MIVA at first hand. But one could not well avoid some contact with news about the organization. There was an impressive ceremony at Munich where Cardinal Faulhaber blessed planes which were about to leave for mission duty, and elsewhere great crowds gathered to listen to a description of the work being done and to offer their support. As is normal in such cases, the masses were particularly responsive. Hard-working people left their 50 pfennige or their mark, not because they had to but because they sincerely desired to do so.

Suddenly, as destiny would have it, I was requested to translate Father Schulte's book, which has now appeared in English as "The Flying Missionary" (New York: Benziger Brothers). Putting German into English is not very difficult, but can be awfully tedious and is hardly to be recommended as a pastime excepting to harassed journalists who want to be doing something between whiles. Father Schulte's text, I shall confess, seemed very amusing. In characteristic German style, it spoke the author's mind without bowing to the right or the left. If you receive a compliment from an Irishman, your experience is much the same as getting a bouquet from a florist. The Irish (due allowance having been made) simply can't help it. But a compliment from a German is a sign that, despite everything, he has vowed to remain your loyal friend for life—while reserving the right to tell you the truth about yourself when occasion demands. Now in this sense Father Schulte's book is a record of friendships. It is as unreservedly straightforward as a shot from a rifle, and it has told a great story of hardships followed by victory.

During the hard life of war time, Father Schulte and his dearest friend made up their minds to become priests. Both eventually joined the O.M.I.—the Oblates who carry so large a share of the Catholic missionary burden. The friend became an apostle in Southwest Africa and died there from the effects of hardships borne during a long journey. Meanwhile Father Schulte had privately redeveloped his interest in aviation. He loved nothing earthly so much as a plane, and this affection nearly got him into trouble. But suddenly the thought occurred to him that flying was just what the missions needed. It took a long time to prove the brightness of the idea, but eventually the Holy Father gave his blessing *con amore*, Father Schulte obtained a pilot's license, and MIVA (abbreviation for the German of "Missionary Communications Association") was launched. The Catholic public responded magnificently, and today no single aspect of German religious organization has more to show the observer of life in the Fatherland.

It is far too seldom realized that there is a modern frontier and that the missionary is on that frontier. Just a few years ago, priests and brothers had to push their oxen over jungle trails, through sand and bog, under a broiling sun. Their orders were to establish a new mission station, and like good soldiers they obeyed. But at how fearful a cost! Father Schulte has proved that most of that toll is unnecessary, if modern transportation facilities are provided. I shall confess to being one who constitutionally views airplane travel with no equanimity. My favorite means of locomotion is still the human foot. Even so, Father Schulte's book, as it was being translated, made even me air-conscious, and I yearn to see the missionaries provided with planes, boats and automobiles. The rate on which MIVA is progressing, despite any number of problems, justifies the hope that the times of excruciating mission hardships will soon be over.

Of course the personality of Father Schulte is the principal reason why so much has been accomplished. He has proved himself a most effective popular orator. Young people in particular are fascinated by a priest who seems to regard the whole world as a Divine adventure, and human life as sharing that adventure. "Living dangerously" is quite as possible under modern conditions as it was in the days of knighthood. And it by no means implies being foolhardy. The pale cast of intellectualism is the normal color of civilized existence after that has accomplished its vital tasks. Father Schulte is a man of achievement. The "Mass in the sky" was just another illustration of his ability to venture great things without spending much time thinking about them. Every age has its young people—some of them perennially young.

Years ago Father Schulte dreamed of introducing the MIVA idea to the United States. He met with no great success, as his book good-humoredly informs us. But no doubt another effort is to be made, and it has as a matter of fact already begun most auspiciously. A meeting with Father Hubbard, the "Glacier Priest," in New York, enabled Father Schulte to complete plans for the approaching summer. He is to deliver some planes to the Oblate Fathers in the Hudson Bay region, and will at the same time make a tour of the north country. This will add the third to his list of adopted regions—Southern Africa, New Guinea, and now the Canadian North. Father Hubbard has cheerfully and generously assured his cooperation. There could be no better team.

Afterward—possibly before the year is ended—there may start the first Father Schulte lecture tour through the United States. When he comes he will be armed with more than words, though he has enough of them too. But the principal "feature" is an extraordinary motion picture which presents a thrilling and dramatic story while revealing life as it is found in Southwest Africa. This film was in part a commemoration of the death of Father Otto Fuhrmann, missionary who perished of fever contracted in the jungle. One feels relatively sure that this picture, the success of which in Germany has been extraordinary, will appeal also to vast audiences in the United States. The true cosmopolitanism is that which places art in the service of spiritual determination understandable to all men in all their varied tongues.

To return for a moment to the Mass. The only thing which today visibly and veritably binds men together, which surmounts all national boundaries and every species of group antagonism, is our common dependence upon the Divine. It is the supreme privilege of Catholics to believe that Divinity not only hedges us round but dwells veritably in our midst. We may ascend to high places; we may sail the oceans of the sky. But the Cross of Golgotha remains above us always. Because the Zeppelin voyage brought this fact home to us again, it was a genuinely memorable, truly thrilling event.

But I should like to add that Father Schulte, in person, is a very charming and interesting man. Watching him seated in a hotel room busily scratching away at autographs requested by bell-boys and executives, school children and men of influence, was to enjoy as he (unconsciously) did the eagerness of humanity to get in touch with wholesome, genuine and loyal character. German Catholicism could send many a distinguished ambassador. It could hardly find one who represents so well the common people, their virtues, their integrity and their joy of living. Of all this you will doubtless be able to judge in the future.

SAINT CECILIA

By EDWARD A. MAGINTY

DANIEL O'CONNELL, when asked how he had amassed so vast a store of history, replied, "By reading the 'Lives of the Saints.'" Hagiography is more widely diffused now than was possible a century ago. This, however, does not account for the fact that of the early post-apostolic saints none has so universal an appeal as Saint Cecilia. There is so much more to keep her memory alive and that quite independent of the *Acta Sanctorum*; for there are numberless Protestants who do not read them yet are proud to share in our attachment.

Three churches perpetuate her name in the city of Rome alone. Of the secular poets Chaucer, Pope and Dryden proclaim their own distinction loudest when rhyming of Cecilia. Cimabue, Van Eyck, Domenichino and Carlo Dolci have stamped their sign-manual upon the hem of her draperies, and the most intimate details of her pilgrimage are still spread abroad in the sublimated harmonies of Byrd, Handel, Spohr, Van Bree and the late Sir Hubert Parry. For she has been the inspiration of the artist in every medium and in every age.

To the year of Cecilia's birth (about 210) the policy of the Christians had been one of total abstinence from the pomp and circumstance of the pagan Roman world. The fine arts were sedulously avoided, partly on principle, partly of necessity, for, with few exceptions, the *gens lucifuga* was unlettered and poor. It was Cecilia's vocation to pour upon the infant Church the spirit of human graciousness; for this she was divinely fitted. At a time when sympathy for culture was the boast of the emperors her education as a lady of wealth and of patrician stock was supplemented by the devotion of high-born Christian slaves who brought from the ends of the earth the newest wisdom, philosophic and mechanical, and the loftiest artistic standards of the day. For the expression of her unique personality she had unlimited scope in the catacombs, the cemetery chapels and, most of all, in the Trastevere palace of her confessor-consort, Valerian. Here she set apart a suite of chambers for Pope Urban, a lower storey for the destitute and sick and an upper room for the Eucharistic Mysteries. As if by magic, the wooden table yielded to the altar of precious marble, the vestments appeared embroidered with "variety," the sacrificial implements glinted in refined gold. Then flowers began to be set in brazen bowls of curious design, *ambo* and *sedilia* to be chiseled in classical form. Paintings kindled the austerity of the walls and the Greek hieratic text

became wedded to the traditional Hebrew song. Because she was the first to embellish the appointments of the ritual with splendor and comeliness Cecilia has come down to us the Patroness of Art.

Meeting her at every turn it is not surprising that Catholics should all but idolize the "sweet enchantress," but that the outsider also should feel impelled to worship her is matter for wonder. To some extent because the tonal is the single art in which all men can dabble, but mostly because her style and difference have been borne along upon the stream of Time, to us she is preeminently the Patroness of Music, but by a quizzical chance the tradition once overflowed into an Anglican channel.

A decade from the English Restoration of 1660, James the heir to his brother's throne, but unlike him a Catholic uncompromising to a fault, was known to be meditating the loathsome crime of Toleration which involved the automatic reinstatement, among other things, of the cult of the Virgin Mother Mary. The aristocracy of Plunder took alarm and struck through Titus Oates. The time was not ripe for the Concept Immaculate, but, as the sincerest reformers had long yearned for at least one Transcendent Woman, it might easily be hidden under the cult of the Virgin Martyr Cecilia. Hence the great London Music Festivals which continued from 1683 to the final triumph of the Whigs. For one of these occasions Dryden wrote "Alexander's Feast." Four Cecilian Odes were scored by Henry Purcell. Dr. Blow's "Jubilate" was commissioned for St. Cecilia's Day, 1694. Forty years later Dryden's poem, wrapped in the genius of Handel, was interpreted by the stars of the Italian operatic firmament.

These celebrations might have endured to the present but for the decline of the musical art to 1850 and the decay of organized heresy most conspicuous from that date. In view of the expansion of the Church it is to be regretted that the loss has not been made up by our notoriously musical selves. Various reasons, canonical, esthetic, economic and historic, have been alleged for the failure. I wish I could touch upon all but I have room only for the last. A high authority, Dom Guéranger, has thrown cold water upon the tradition itself.

We know that Cecilia was a singer. But many other saints have sung their way through the torment into Paradise. The title of Patroness demands that she should have been also an instrumentalist. Testimony seems to be supplied by

a certain passage in her "Acts" which runs: "Cantantibus organis Cecilia decantavit Domino: Cecilia sang to the Lord to the sound of the organ." But the learned Benedictine repudiates the inference that she herself was the organist. On page 480 of his monumental work (Paris, 1874) he thus paraphrases the quotation: "When at the nuptial banquet pagan slaves sang the customary Fescennine songs to the sound of flutes and lyres (all instruments were then called 'organs') Cecilia, oppressed by the weight of the secret she had to break to Valerian (that she was already espoused to God), sang in her heart a verse of David imploring the assistance of Heaven in the trial that opened before her." He adds that she began to be invoked as Patroness of Music only from 1426, the date of Van Eyck's vision of the "Adoration of the Lamb" in one of the panels of which she is seen playing upon a positive organ. He implies that if there is anything to substantiate the tradition it must be sought elsewhere.

Beyond the *Vox populi* which has a habit of being right I do not pretend that there is any such warrant; but it may serve as a balm to the bruised heart if I can show that Cecilia had the instrument, the requisite talent and, on occasions other than the wedding feast, the opportunity of praising the Lord in song supported by her own harmony.

Plutarch long before had summed up the inventions of musicians from Pythagoras (600 B. C.), who regulated the harmonic system, to Claudius Ptolemy, who tuned the two-octave lyre to the natural scale of the human voice. The eight-note portative organ which every house possessed in Nero's reign had now been enlarged to admit the sixteen-note diapason of the stationary type. It is no more than fair to affirm that Cecilia was familiar with these things and abreast of the musical attainments of the period. Knowing the base purposes to which they were assigned, the harp and flute she would not touch. But the solemn-toned orchestrion was a different thing, Cecilia "served the Lord like the busy bee." An organ might help in the instruction of the gentile catechumen.

Having taken tribute of the organ in the teaching of the "psalms, hymns and spiritual canticles" what is more probable than that, like Adelina Patti, she used it in her own private orisons? By popular acclamation she was even the inventress of the organ; which could only mean that crowds had heard and seen her perform, in spite of society prejudice, upon an instrument and that an organ of a size and pattern they had never known before. Where? Not in the liturgical functions in which no woman was allowed to take an exclusive part, but in the social and devotional life of the catacombs.

Whenever the outbreak of persecution drove the Christians into the crypts for months together an ever-pressing anxiety of the clergy was the guarding, feeding, organization, occupation and intellectual refreshment, in particular, of the young. In these gloomy mines the Abbé Martin says Cecilia's voice was heard and the ears of pursuivants, prying in the distance, were ravished by the peal of music: artificial music swelling from no toy machine. A hydraulic organ (10 x 4 x 2 feet) has recently been dug from the ruins of Carthage; another from the ashes of Herculaneum. One of these was exhibited only a short time ago and played upon in London. It is not intemperate to conjecture that at Cecilia's behest those of her mechanics who were acquainted with the water-blown organ erected one in the subterranean city and thus initiated the legend of invention.

Who first taught the Church to sing the angels' Christmas greeting as we have it now? Saint Augustine says that the women knew the Great Doxology by heart. Why "by heart" if they did not sing it, and why by "women" if it were not sanctioned as appropriately theirs by coming spontaneous from the heart of a woman like Cecilia. Nothing is more in keeping with the undisputed facts than that, in the intervals of relaxation from the strain of fear and sorrow, Cecilia, surrounded in some rock-hewn vault by her youths and maidens, should have sat at her instrument and, with the aid of simple chords in the Hypo-Lydian mode (C major), poured forth many a rhapsody upon the theme of the Magnificat, the *Ave Maria*, the Song of Simeon or the *Gloria in excelsis*.

My point will be better understood, perhaps, if I juxtapose the Cecilian with the Columbian tradition. Teacher, let us make-believe, is describing the first. As she arrives at the point, "Cecilia sang to the Lord to the sound of the organ," inquiring Tommy interrupts.

"Please miss, who was playing the organ?"

The answer is prompt: "Why, Cecilia, of course."

Next day the story is of America. Teacher comes to the climax in the assertion, "America now discovered, Columbus offers thanks to God."

Tommy wants to be quite clear. "Please miss, who discovered America?"

The reply direct is: "Why, Columbus, of course."

The time soon comes when Tommy learns how ruthlessly the ablative absolute acts as a check upon the one and the claims of Icelandic rovers and Irish argonauts stand in the way of the other. It breaks upon him that the peremptory figure, "Of course," is by no means justified. Nevertheless it is safe to say that research into American

origins will not result in a single wazy-goose the less; for what Columbus undoubtedly did do is worthy of perennial commemoration. So also in the case of Saint Cecilia; with the painful difference that were there many fewer celebrations of her day there would be none at all.

In Italy, Belgium and the Rheinland, it is true we mark her anniversary in vermilion red; reports of a recital here or short cantata there trickle through from other regions even of British and American Saxondom; yet the feeling prevails that the dear convention of yearly remembrance is more honored in the breach than the observance. In mitigation we are told that in Protestant areas resources are wanting; in Catholic countries by reason of the blooding of its secularity from their routine ritual music the choirs are exhausted. In the struggle for a place in the sun or in the stress of the Pian operation the Cecilian *fiesta* smacks of preciousness or of dilettantinism for which we have no appetite. I am loath to mention the blessed word "Transition" but that is our present liturgical state, and years must elapse before we can complete the forward movement backward to the early sixteenth century. Meanwhile we are the prey of loose thinking and its offspring, confusion and despondency. The Cecilian Festival is nothing more than the Christmas concert turned religious and there is never any lack of means for the Christmas concert.

Is it merely a fanatical dream that in every wayside church or local center, all the parochial

talents might be mobilized to present, in the church or nearest hall, after an abbreviated service on the evening of the feast of Saint Cecilia (November 22), what Saint Philip would have called an *oratorio*, a sixty-minute prayer upraised in song? Should the congregation be permitted to take a practical share and to listen to what they largely know performed to the best of the exhibitors' capacity, so long as the highbrow were carefully excluded, the function would scarcely fail of success.

My objective is, or rather was, three-fold. First, to assist in universalizing the ideal so magnificently realized at the recent Congress at Buenos Aires, when, without trespassing upon the specific duty of the harmonic choir, a million worshippers chanted *una voce* the Gregorian "Mass of the angels." I might have shown, had space permitted, how the Liturgy and the cult of Saint Cecilia hang together; for it was not for nothing that Pope Leo XIII confirmed the dedication of the ritual campaign to Saint Cecilia or by accident that the saintly Pontiff Pius X issued his *Motu Proprio* encyclical of 1903 on November 22, the feast of Saint Cecilia. Secondly, to supply the man in the club with matter for rebutment when the superior person chuckles, "Another Catholic fable gone west." Lastly, to appeal for a musical commemoration of the Cecilian Festival every year and everywhere, in vindication of our claim to be the heirs of the Virgin Martyr Patroness of Art, implicitly of Music.

A MAN'S JOB

By GERALD RAFTERY

IT WAS after midnight when Jim counted his money. He wanted something to eat; he needed it, too. He dug deep into the only sound pocket of his trousers and brought out the little knob of change. Sixty-five cents! He swallowed resolutely and put the thought of food away from him. The swallow seemed to start another pang of hunger, but he summed up the thought of baby Steve asleep at home. He would be hungry in the morning.

He tramped wearily on to the next corner and looked up and down the two long streets. No business around here at this hour. All the movies were closed and the restaurants kicked you out as soon as you showed your face. He had better go over to the Bush and try the saloons around there. Not much chance, of course; the little kids around that section got most of that business. But he couldn't go home with what he had.

Gosh, if he only had a man's job, with regular things to do, and regular pay! He shifted the

shoe-shine box to his other shoulder and put his aching feet into motion again. If he were only a little kid he would have a better chance; his lips twisted into a bitter smile. He remembered having heard long ago in school of Peter Pan, the little boy who never grew up. Hmf!

He passed a lunch wagon and the balmy zephyr of onions and meat and coffee that steamed out through its yellow lights made his knees weaken under him.

Unconsciously he turned toward the door; there might be a job in there. But his reason drove him away; if once he stepped inside those odorous doors he knew his hunger would get the better of him. Hamburger and coffee—fifteen cents from sixty-five would leave fifty. No! He plodded on down the block until the faint radio music from the wagon faded behind him.

Two blocks ahead there was a little island of light. That would be Albano's place. He ap-

proached it doubtfully. In the windows, the tattered streamers of colored crepe paper gave the place an air of long-ago gaiety.

Cautiously, he put one foot inside the door and inquired, "Shine?"

Like a watch dog, a stocky little Italian boy, half his height, dashed out of a corner cursing like a truck-driver. "Get t'hell outa here! This is my job!" He strung on with oaths and obscenities. The men drinking at the bar laughed heavily.

Jim turned away. He knew how soon the Latin laughter of the drinkers might turn to wrath, and be directed at him. He hurried down the street. Best to keep away from joints like that. What a place for a kid to be at this hour of the night! No son of his would ever work at this racket. Little Stevie would never wander the streets like this if he could help it.

A rattly sedan tinkered slowly past him, while the two drunken occupants argued and blasphemed emptily in the front seat. It slowed still more for a corner, turned miraculously and weaved into a straight line again, puttering off into silence. A swift cat prowled across his path. A block away he could hear the melodious clank of milk bottles through the darkness.

Then he remembered Novak's. The place usually closed early but he might find somebody there. He hurried on. Along the way there was another place that he might try. When he came to the first place, though, there was a burly bartender in the door who had just ejected a customer. He passed on.

He was afraid Novak's was closed when he came around the corner. No; there was a light. He hurried to the door. There was one customer, a heavy Polack on a stool at the bar. The bartender was leaning forward talking to him.

"Shine?" asked Jim.

They were deeply absorbed, the bartender jabbering along in Polish and the customer's wide face creasing and gurgling into laughter. He came closer. On the bar between them, in the clutter of a newspaper, was a half-eaten cheese sandwich and a dark end of bologna. The story reached its climax and they both exploded into laughter, leaning back and roaring apoplectically. The bartender roared out another phrase or two through his mirth and they went off into another spasm. In a moment the customer blinked out of it. He rubbed his eyes and chuckled deeply.

"Shine?" inquired Jim.

"Sure. Shan em up!" He shoved out a wide Number Twelve. He emptied his glass of beer at a gulp and shoved it across the bar again.

Jim went to work with a will. Half way through the second shoe his work was interrupted by another blast of giant laughter. He straight-

ened up to ease his back. The remains of the sandwich were still on the bar. He eyed the crisp crust and the fresh doughy inner part. The cheese was white and thick and there was a yellow smear of mustard across it. He could see big teeth marks on the cheese.

The man chuckled out of his orgasm of laughter. "Finish?" he asked.

"No, not yet!" said Jim, crouching again to his work. He hurried it through.

"Okay," he said a minute later and stood up. The sandwich was still on the bar. There was a dime and a quarter beside it. The man tossed him the quarter. Jim rattled the change in his pocket.

"Ats awright! Keep it!" said the big fellow.

Jim could have sung his thanks; sixty-five and twenty-five. He searched in his memory for the tag ends of his linguistic accomplishments.

"Jinguya!" he said.

The man roared his appreciation. "Daubsha! Daubsha!" He picked the dime up and poised it between heavy fingers. "You wanna beer?"

Jim considered. "No, thanks. But I'll finish up that sandwich if you don't want it."

"Sure! Sure!" He pushed the debris clumsily down the bar toward him. Jim's eyes filled with his gratitude.

"Gee, thanks, buddy!" He buried his teeth in the remnants of the sandwich. No food he had ever tasted equalled that symphony of sweet starchy bread and aromatic caraway seeds, of stinging mustard and harsh bitter cheese.

The man watched him. When the sandwich was gone he shoved the end of bologna toward him. Jim stuffed it into his mouth; it was tough and it tasted raw and garlicky but it went down in a minute.

God! what a fine fellow this Polack was. He searched his brain for some way of showing his gratitude. He wished he had done a better job on the shoes. He felt downcast because he could do nothing for this half-drunk emperor enthroned on a bar stool.

"Gee, thanks! That was good," he stammered. But the man was deep in conversation again.

"Goodnight!" he said, as he closed the door with grateful care.

He hurried home exalted. The food warmed his stomach. What a good guy! He almost wanted to wake everyone and tell them of this paragon of men, Mother and Dad and little brother Steve. He hurried into bed, though. He'd have to get some sleep. School tomorrow at eight-thirty, and he had been late twice this week.

The days of a fourteen-year-old breadwinner are very full.

GRANDMA AND THE DEATH HOUND

By FRANCES FROST

GRANDMA and Lizzie Beals had their last set-to when I was fourteen, going on fifteen. They hadn't spoken to each other for forty-three years, and Lizzie didn't say anything then, but Grandma came out on top, same as she did in the first place.

Grandma was always telling me to stand up straight and stop humping over, but I was growing so fast, I felt tired and slouched to rest my back, and sometimes I was annoyed with Grandma for nagging me. Then she would make up for it by listening to me translate my Latin, and she'd say, looking at me over the top of her spectacles, her grey eyes jumping, "My sainted aunt, that Caesar did have a good time, didn't he? Wait till you get to Greek and read about the sea, the sea." She'd leap out of her rocker by the kitchen window where the geraniums were sitting in pots and in coffee-cans with the labels pulled off, and shout, "'Why do I lie here? The night is passing away!'" and Mom would come hustling out of the dining-room where she was making me a dress on the sewing-machine, and murmur, "Now, Grandma, don't get excited!"

But Grandma wouldn't pay any attention. She'd go on quoting Xenophon until she got tired, and then she'd sit down again and say, "All right, child, do some more Gallic wars." And Mom would look anxious, but she'd go back to the dining-room, and I'd get close up to Grandma and read while the sewing-machine would whirr and stop, whirr and stop, whirr and whirr and whirr and stop. Sometimes I wished Mom wouldn't make me any clothes—I would just as soon have worn my old sweaters and skirts as long as they were clean, as a new dress with ruffles. I never did like ruffles and neither did Grandma.

Grandma never went to college, but she learned Greek from a college teacher who spent the summer on Grandpa's farm once, trying to get healthy. I guess she memorized everything she ever translated. She made even my stumbling through Caesar feel interesting, when she popped out with, "Humph, you don't say so!" and "Merciful heavens, if men aren't all alike—and that's the nice thing about them, the devils!"

The trouble between Grandma and Lizzie Beals had started when they were both twenty. Before that, they'd been close friends and walked home from school with their arms around each other. But when they got grown up, they both fell in love with Jimmy O'Byrne, and he married Grandma and she and Lizzie had an awful row after the wedding. Grandma told me once that Lizzie had said she was a heartless opportunist, and Grandma had said back, "Where did you find such big words, Lizzie?" and they went on and on till they finally were so hopping mad they swore never to speak to each other again.

Grandpa and Grandma lived on the farm for a while, until Grandpa decided he wanted to be a blacksmith, so

they sold the farm and came into town and had five sons. Dad is one of them, and after Grandpa died, he turned the blacksmith shop into a garage because horses were getting few and far between. All the rest have gone places except for Uncle Andrew who bought the farm back and is still on it even if he says farming these days is damned foolishness. Uncle Christopher went to Mexico to do research on the Maya civilizations; Uncle Bill is in France, painting peasants and wearing baggy pants; Uncle Bradley started out to be a champion horseshoe-pitcher but ended up in Florida as a breeder of hunting-dogs which ought to be almost as much fun as horseshoes because you never can tell how they'll turn out. It all depends, Grandma said, on the temperament of the horses and the dogs and you.

When Grandma and Grandpa got to living in town, Grandma and Lizzie Beals had more chance to keep the war warm, because, even if they didn't speak, the more they met, the more they hated each other. Grandma used to go to see people who were sick and cheer them up and bring a pan of johnny-cake or baking-powder biscuits or pies to their families. I never in my life saw anybody who could cheer up sick people the way Grandma could. She'd come trotting into a room—she was small and wiry—and start chattering and telling you things, and before you knew it, you were having hysterics and laughing so, you'd almost roll out of the bed. She did that to me when I had the mumps and I nearly cracked my jaws.

The difference between Grandma and Lizzie Beals was this: Lizzie, who was tall and lank and had watery blue eyes, visited sick people, too, but she never visited them unless she thought they were going to die. And if you saw Lizzie coming, you could be pretty sure you weren't long for this world. But she liked you to take your time, so she could come every day and relish your departure; she would drag into a room and sit down in the rocking chair and rock and cry and rock and cry and sort of moan in her throat. Everybody called her "The Death Hound," and Ed Sanford got so mad at her, when he had pneumonia, he said he got well just to spite her. But Grandma declared that the ones who died preferred to take their chances in the next world rather than to see Lizzie sitting there, acting like a fool, near the foot of the bed, from now till Doomsday.

For all those years, Grandma and Lizzie fought each other that way; Grandma made folks take an interest in life again, joking them, telling them about the apple crop on Johnson's farm, and how old Judge Darling had won the spitting contest in 1905, and how Sally Morton was going to marry one of those men who go around chasing caterpillars off trees; and Lizzie rocked and mourned until you must have felt as if you were attending your own funeral before you were a corpse.

Dad said, you ought to have seen Grandma and Lizzie fighting over Amos Hackett. Each of them made it a point to come and see Amos at four o'clock every afternoon, and Lizzie would glare through her tears at Grandma, and Grandma would tell Amos he had no business letting a thing like arthritis get him down. "Why, you're only sixty-eight," Grandma snorted finally. "And look

at that fine grandson of yours simply aching to take you for a long train-ride over to Niagara Falls! I dast you to be better in a week, Amos!"

And Amos groaned, "You're a wicked woman!" and Lizzie wept the harder and rocked the faster. At last, Amos sat up in bed and said, "Git out of here, Lizzie Beals! I ain't agoin' to die, an' you know it. This female here don't know what pain is like, drat her, but she knows how to make you lose track of it in your mind. An' she knows I been takin' dasts since I was born. Thank you for comin', but git."

As I said before, I was going on fifteen when Grandma and Lizzie finished the war. Grandma was galloping down cellar to fetch up some butter when she fell and broke her hip. That night I heard Dad and Mom talking, and it seemed that the reason Mom had been so nervous when Grandma worked herself up into a state about Greek or anything, was because Grandma had heart-trouble and wasn't supposed to raise hob for fear she'd have an attack. But you couldn't keep Grandma down, even when she was stretched out in her big bed with her broken hip and her angina. She talked a blue streak to everybody who came to see her, and if they'd come in serious, they left the house laughing.

Dr. Bert kept saying, "Grandma, you've got to keep quiet and not get excited," and Grandma would give him a quick wicked look out of those eyes of hers, as if she were flirting with him, and answer him, "Bert Parker, I may have to lie quiet, but I'll be danged if I'll keep quiet."

And then she said to Dad and Mom and me, "I bet you anything Lizzie Beals shows up, just hoping I'll die. If she does, you let her in. I always did wonder what it felt like to be sick and have that rocking and bawling idiot sitting around and blowing her nose. If she thinks she can gloat for weeks over me till I die, she's got another think coming. I'll fool her!"

Sure enough, on Saturday afternoon, Lizzie came sniffing to the door and asked Mom about Grandma. "I heard tell she was poorly, an' even if we ain't spoke for nigh on to forty-five years, I ain't one to hold a grudge at a time like this. Could I go up an' set with her a whiles? She's my age, an' if I'm tired of livin', she must be dead sick of it, poor soul."

Mom was pale and tired and worried, but she almost giggled in Lizzie's face. I could see the corners of her mouth twitch, and I knew she was thinking that Grandma could no more be tired of living than a cat can stop liking catnip.

Mom and I took Lizzie upstairs. Dad was sitting by the bed holding Grandma's hand and Grandma was telling him about the time Grandpa kissed her under a pine tree, which started everything, and Dad was listening as if he hadn't heard that story since he was born, and Grandma was telling it with as much gusto as if it were the first time instead of the five-hundredth.

But when she saw Lizzie come into the room and sit down in the rocking chair, Grandma shut her mouth tight and didn't say another word. And Dad kissed

her cheek and got up and came over to where Mom and I were, and we all stood there like three sticks, watching Grandma and Lizzie.

Grandma was breathing kind of hard and she put her hand on her chest, but her eyes twinkled and she looked like a bad little boy. She kept her mouth sober, though. And Lizzie rocked and cried, sniffing and blowing her nose, which was mottled and red. I remember she had on a faded blue gingham dress which matched her eyes, and some of the hair in her scrawny pug had pulled loose and hung down the back of her wrinkled neck.

The room was still except for Grandma's breathing, and Lizzie's snuffles and small moans, and the creak of the red rocker.

But Lizzie hadn't been rocking for five minutes, when Grandma lifted her head as well as she could, looked at Dad and Mom and me, and winked, slowly and significantly. Then she grinned at Lizzie, said, "I dast you to stop me," and died.

Cloudy Bay

Where the racing Wairau slows, homesick for its snowshed,

Tua Marina murmurs in the south.

Caught in a loop of sighing, saltless waters,
Running intently into one great mouth.

I was born inland between the creek and river,

In the heart of paddocks shaken by their stir,

For in between the hills' great riven horseshoe

Land and all seemed flowing with lonely, long demur.

And the west sinking with its light so low there

Left the sunset growing in the fences' hold,

Paradisa grasses, knee-deep and molten,

Running, in their stillness, sap of ember-gold.

Once a great aurora played to the southward

And, fet-locks burning, foal after foal,

Clodding the icefloes as a colt the paddocks,

Rushed up uncalkined from the silver Pole.

Where the horseshoe opened, in came the morning,

There to the eastward lay the hidden sea,

The same footloose mountains that taunted Magellan,

Massive and flying and nothing to me.

We were held fast by the glitter of solstice,

Or by a smolder of autumns to the land,

But in the winter the booming of its groundswell,

Thundering a shoreline back upon the sand,

Lunged in our ears and forced us to remember

What was too wild, too great for any law,

Holding us in from the tip of Reinga

To where the Bluff folds down a heavy paw.

Here the great air-currents, cloven by the alp-line,

Roll and soar above us with a salty boast;

Almost any seawind streaming from the Tasman

In these narrow islands blows from coast to coast.

Love is around me like that hidden ocean

And I, inland, forget I have a shore.

It needs the breakers of your anger to remind me

That I am yours and yours for ever more.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference issued on May 22 a list of forty-seven Catholic summer camps for boys and girls in sixteen states of the nation. * * * The Fides Service declares that there are only 16,000 priests working among 1,000,000,000 pagans today and that at least 100,000 missionary priests are needed. * * * The Holy Father left Vatican City for the first time this year, May 23, to inaugurate the new palace of the Roman Congregations in the Trastevere section of Rome, which is recognized as the property of the Holy See. * * * The formation of 131 study clubs in the Archdiocese of San Francisco was announced at the annual Archdiocesan Conference of the National Council of Catholic Women which is represented in 160 of the 168 parishes of the archdiocese. * * * The Canadian Catholic Historical Association recently held its third annual meeting at Quebec. * * * Some 40,000 people followed the remains of Archbishop Pascual Diaz of Mexico City to his grave on Tepeyac Hill, where the Blessed Virgin appeared before the Indian boy, Juan Diego, in 1531. * * * On June 11, pilgrims will come from many lands to witness the colorful 800-year-old Corpus Christi procession at Angers, France. Thousands of flags and garlands of flowers will adorn the city's buildings, while ancient tapestries narrating incidents in the history of the Church will be hung from the outside walls of St. Maurice Cathedral. The Blessed Sacrament will be borne through the crowded streets by the Bishop of Angers as cathedral bells sound the call to worship. * * * According to authentic reports from diocesan authorities in 24 of Mexico's 28 states and from the Federal District, 125 churches have been reopened, 43 of them in one state, in recent months. Of these, 58 churches are still without priests. * * * Some 30,000 people gathered at Glasgow, Scotland, for the funeral of Reverend Andrew Lynch, senior assistant at St. Patrick's Church for thirty years and special friend of children and the poor. * * * The thirteenth centennial of Saint Isidore (560-636), Bishop of Seville and Doctor of the Church, is being celebrated throughout Spain this year. Saint Isidore is said to be the European who initiated the basic idea of representative government; he was the author of "Etimologías," Europe's first encyclopedia.

The Nation.—The congressional docket, two weeks before the proposed adjournment of June 6, was disconcertingly full: the Deficiency (Relief) tax, Department of Agriculture, Navy, District of Columbia, flood control, Commodities Exchange Control, Copeland Pure Food and Drug, Robinson-Patman Chain Store, Wagner-Ellenbogen housing and Guffey coal bills still awaited disposal. * * * The Senate started the week by injecting tariff debates into the tax studies. Nevertheless, taxes and relief were scheduled for quick settlement, since they are obviously "must." * * * The Supreme Court, by a

five to four decision, knocked out another new law, the "Municipal Bankruptcy Act," permitting cities and other subdivisions of states to go into bankruptcy in federal courts. The majority ruled that under the law, "the sovereignty of the state, so often declared necessary to the federal system, does not exist." * * * The Northwestern National Life Insurance Company published statistics showing the increase in drinking among people it deals with in its business. Heavy alcoholic indulgence as a cause for rejection of applicants under thirty years of age has increased from 1932 by 183 percent; in all age groups by 35 percent. Alcoholic excesses are the largest single cause of rejections among applicants under the age of forty-five, 23.8 per 100. * * * April exports of the United States amounted to \$193,490,000, and imports to \$202,437,000. Every month this year we have imported more than we have exported. Interpretation of these figures, along with the Hull system of tariff reductions, are being built up into a campaign issue. * * * On January 1, 1935, there were 33,539,890 telephones in the world, over half, or 16,868,955, being in the United States. The world increase since 1900 has been 2,100 percent. * * * While Republicans were mobilizing civil service sentiment against the Democratic administration, the *New Republic*, liberal weekly, published an article minimizing the patronage successfully grasped by Mr. Farley. Of the 300,000 new federal workers, Herbert O'Rourke estimated that a fourth came from civil service. "Special competence has counted heavily, particularly for the key positions in the new units. But personal acquaintanceship with someone already in the service has . . . accounted for at least two-thirds of the non-civil-service appointments."

The Wide World.—Britain served warning that Italian machinations in Egypt would be resisted with force if necessary. Meanwhile Sir Thomas Inskip, Defense Coordination Minister, told the House of Commons a few facts about how the taxpayer's money was being expended on that force. Fifteen hundred more pilots were being trained; the nation's industrial plants were being inspected in order to determine what they could do if war broke out. But on many an important topic Sir Thomas was silent. Winston Churchill declared that the government was pushing rearmament far too leisurely, since Europe would probably "explode" in 1938. Relations between London and Rome were not improved. Mussolini declared that recognition could not be accorded French and British interests in Ethiopia until sanctions were definitely a thing of the past. * * * Extreme Right radicalism became a matter of grave importance in both Holland and Belgium. The Archbishop of Utrecht, primate of the Catholic hierarchy in the first-named country, caused to be read in all churches on May 24 a pastoral letter banning from the sacraments all "who materially support"

the Nazi movement. Considerable numbers of Catholics have, as a matter of fact, rallied to the swastika, partly as a result of the criticism which has of late been aimed steadily at the Dutch Catholic party. Hitherto the opposition of the hierarchy, though unmistakable, has been relatively silent. Prominent German Catholic Papenites have sponsored journalistic defenses of Hitler in the Netherlands. In Belgium, parliamentary elections revealed widespread dissatisfaction with the middle-of-the-road policy advocated by the Catholic party. This lost about fifteen seats to the "Rexists," an organization led by Léon Degrelle who advocates a social order based, so he maintains, on "Quadragesimo Anno." This set-back is in itself not of crucial importance except that the Socialists have become the strongest Belgian party. Little is known here as yet concerning the actual program and methods of the Rexists, but that dissatisfaction with actual Catholic political leadership has been rife is no secret. * * * Ireland waited for the gesture with which President Eamonn de Valera would abolish the Senate. This step was decided upon some weeks ago, and the majority of the senatorial personages have already retired. Henceforth, therefore, Ireland is to have a one-chamber legislative system which, dominated by the strongest party and accordingly by the president, can rush through desired laws on short notice. * * * Disturbances continued in Palestine, most of the trouble arising when bomb throwers sought to help the Arab cause along with disorder and havoc. One soldier was slain, and a Nazi ship entering the harbor of Tel Aviv was a target for Arab missiles. * * * The exiled Emperor of the Ethiopians left Palestine on a British cruiser. His plans were to disembark at Gibraltar and to proceed thence to London on a merchant vessel.

* * * *

The Black Legion.—On May 13, the body of Charles A. Poole, WPA worker, was found on a lonely road just outside Detroit. Nine days later Prosecutor Duncan C. McCrea announced that four members of the "Black Legion" had confessed to taking a part in the killing. They said that at a secret meeting it had been decided upon to tar and feather Poole for wife-beating. But after having lured the victim to a retreat, confusion arose, the party was scattered, and Poole was shot by Dayton Dean. Though the information gathered and made public is fragmentary, it appears that the "Black Legion" is a secret organization tracing lineal descent from the Ku Klux Klan. Members seem to have been, in numerous instances, forced into the movement and then threatened with dire penalties if they divulged its secrets. Since Poole's widow stoutly maintains that her husband never beat her, the present theory is that the slain man "knew too much" and was therefore railroaded to his doom. Michigan police asserted that the "Legion" has numerous branches throughout the state. Captain I. H. Marmon said: "Headquarters of the Legion are at Napoleon, and there are units in Adrian, Hillsdale, Jackson and Detroit. Prospective members are asked if they will take up arms against Jews, Negroes and Catholics." Rumor had it that more than fifty citizens have been slain by Legion night-

riders in order to "purify" the state. Those arrested apparently knew relatively little about the organization, which they insisted had members in several states. Police in Indiana were actively cooperating. The Detroit prosecuting attorney was later told that the ultimate aim of the "Legion" was national dictatorship, that the total membership was 3,000,000, and that the secret chief lived in Ohio. Meanwhile Michigan authorities were examining cases of violent death or "suicide" unaccounted for during recent months. The most important of these cases was that of George Marchuk, whose death occurred in Detroit just prior to Christmas of last year.

The Papal Anniversary.—On May 31, Pentecost Sunday will coincide with the birthday of Pope Pius. The Holy Father will be seventy-nine and the event will be widely commemorated by Catholics. It has been pointed out that the traditional prayer for the Pope contains a phrase expressing the hope that God will not "deliver him into the hands of his enemies." Therefore Christendom has always taken it for granted that the Pope would have enemies—no peace is ever to be ratified between the lion and the lamb, good and evil, eternity and this world. Yet during these last years many have thought that the deliverance into their hands could not well be avoided, so pronounced and bitter were the attacks upon the Church. When Pope Pius took office, the war seemed to have bequeathed to Vatican diplomacy quite unparalleled opportunities. True enough, Italy succeeded in forestalling an invitation to the Holy See from the League of Nations, and the situation in Austria was bad. But there was ecclesiastical peace of the most impressive kind in France, Germany and Spain; even the Russian outlook appeared to be far from hopeless. It was soon clear that all this would not last. The war really intensified rather than retarded existing trends to revolutionary ideologies. One tremendous difficulty appeared after the other. Russia, Mexico, Spain, Germany were the countries most directly affected. But there were also memorable conflicts in France, Italy and the Balkan states. Only the constant taking of great risks prevented Austria from going rabidly anti-clerical, and trouble has been brewing in even Belgium and Poland. All this the Holy Father has borne. His policy has blended patience with tenacity. Like his greatest predecessors, he has striven above all to keep the main trends of Catholic conviction alive in the hearts of the faithful and to relinquish no effort of the apostolate despite all the hardships involved. To him the Catholic world will have said on this Sunday, *Ad multos annos!*

Socialist Convention.—The Socialist party convention in Cleveland was in a fair way to finish up the work begun in the famous Detroit convention of 1934 where the majority accepted principles which the "Old Guard" considered more communistic than socialistic. A showdown fight was staged over the seating of state delegates, especially those from New York, and after fifteen hours debating, the Thomas "Left Wing" triumphed over the "Old Guard," led by Louis Waldman, by a vote of 9,449 to 4,809. Before the convention formally met, the con-

servative delegates formed an Interstate Socialist Conference to organize their efforts against the majority of the National Executive Committee and of the convention. Spokesmen said: "The issues are the united front with the Communists, admission into the party of members of Communist splinter groups, the advocacy of insurrection, and the creation of an executive dictatorship by the National Executive Committee." After being excluded from the convention, the "Old Guard" formed a new party, the Social Democratic Federation, including many formerly potent Socialists and many who control important organs of the party. Mr. Thomas and the rest of the majority believed the federation would have extremely small popular support, in spite of the admittedly important names of the leaders. Furthermore: "The continued implication that the Socialist party as opposed to this little group advocates violent insurrection and dictatorship is, of course, false." When the convention was finally all seated, Norman Thomas was nominated for President against a firm dissenting vote, and George Nelson of Wisconsin was unanimously nominated for the Vice-Presidency. The Wisconsin delegation, under the leadership of Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee, had led efforts at conciliation between the Right and the Left, but apparently abided by the majority decision, Mayor Hoan seconding the Thomas nomination. Work on the platform was carried on intermittently the first days and was to be the final accomplishment of the convention. A proposal by Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist party of America, for a close political united front was cried down with little sympathy, although the National Executive Committee believes in united fronts on specific issues. Norman Thomas expressed sentiment for a broad Farmer-Labor party in the future, but only on a thoroughly socialistic basis. The judgment of labor leaders who are supporting President Roosevelt was bitterly attacked.

Dr. Townsend on Strike.—The Bell investigating committee, empowered by the House of Representatives to see whether the Townsend movement was all on the level, reconvened on May 19 after the Doctor, accompanied by a group of supporters and an estimated 10,581,000 signatures, had motored into Washington and met a delegation of four congressmen. Seated in the witness chair, the world's greatest old-age pension advocate listened to testimony purporting to demonstrate that the "plan" was after all only a "racket." The principal single item was the deposition of one Pierre Tomlinson, of Los Angeles, who had written under oath that Mr. Robert Clements (who resigned in April) was an avowed promoter in the thing for what he could get out of it, and that Dr. Townsend personally had assured his lieutenants of a "hat full of money." Understandably the witness was annoyed and angered. Arriving fifty minutes late on the afternoon of May 31, he asked permission to read a statement. The chairman replied that such an action would be legal only if the document were previously inspected. Thereupon Dr. Townsend crumpled it up, threw it on the floor, and announced that he was going on strike. "I am retiring from this sort of an inquisition and I do

not propose to come back again except under arrest, and I do refuse absolutely to make any further statement pertaining to this movement," he said. After he had walked out of the room and was taxiing away in ruffled grandeur, the committee deliberated ways and means of bringing their chief witness to book. It was apparently agreed that he must be arraigned by the House for contempt of court. Next it seemed that the committee itself was unwilling to assume responsibility for turning the good Doctor into a martyr. But on May 25 the Speaker of the House declared that whereas a signal attack upon the powers of Congress had been committed, prompt action was desirable. There should be a display of real fireworks soon.

In Memory of Bishop Walsh.—During the past week the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America published a Memorial Issue of its monthly magazine, the *Field Afar*. It is filled with heartfelt tributes from the hierarchy, the Catholic press, prominent American priests and laymen and Japanese and Chinese in America and the Far East, to the late Superior General and co-founder, the Most Reverend James Anthony Walsh, who died April 14. One of the most interesting of the articles in this issue is the story of the beginnings of Maryknoll from extracts from an informal talk by Bishop Walsh given to a crusade unit of the Maryknoll Sisters several years ago. Bishop Walsh had had the idea of establishing an American seminary for foreign missionaries for several years when he met the late Father Price at the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal in 1910. At the time Father Walsh was director of the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of New York and he had already founded the *Field Afar* to present the many-sided, interesting aspects of life in the missions in the warmly human manner in which he so clearly excelled; Father Price in 1910 was a missionary in North Carolina. Early the next year, having secured the approval of the American hierarchy, Father Walsh and Father Price sailed for Europe together and secured from Pius X at Rome the authorization to found the new order. Pope Pius XI gave final approval, May 7, 1930. In the past twenty-five years the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America has grown from its two co-founders to a band of 1,001 priests, Brothers, Sisters and aspirants, with vicariates in Kongmoon and Kaying, South China, and prefectures in Wuchow, South China, Fushun, Manchukuo, and Peng Yang, Korea. Maryknoll Missioners are also at work in the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Japan and among the Chinese and Japanese in this country.

A.C.J.F. Fiftieth Reunion.—In Paris, on May 30, 31 and June 1, the Catholic Association of French Youth were to hold celebrations marking the fiftieth anniversary of the organization. The program of the rally in itself discloses the type of work the A.C.J.F. has, with remarkable success, performed. The first morning, a dialogued Mass was to be celebrated at St. Sulpice. After that, a study meeting was scheduled, "The A.C.J.F. at the Service of the Community," where the work of the organization in the formation of citizens and their collaboration

in the national tasks, and its position toward politics, were to be considered. In the evening over 100,000 were to pray together in Paris, and another 100,000 in the rest of France. On Pentecost, a Communion Mass was to be said in the open air. Following this, a reception was planned for foreign delegates from Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, England, the United States, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Poland, Holland, Lithuania, Yugoslavia, and for the numerous cardinals and bishops who accompanied them. Cardinal Dougherty was with the group from this country. In the afternoon, five large meetings were to be held in Paris: for the young workers, young peasants, students, young sailors and the youth of the middle classes. That night there was to be a huge dinner and a general reunion with songs and other entertainment. More than 50,000 were expected to attend the pontifical Mass in the open air on the last day. After that, trains leaving every two minutes would conduct the crowd to the great Stade de Colombes where the grand assembly of the anniversary was to take place. At the final reunion, two dramatic choruses were to be given: "The Hope of the World," by Joseph Folliet and Paul Hibout, and "The Mystery of the Mass," by Henri Ghéon, and then, speeches by the president of the association and by Cardinal Verdier would close the reunion.

A German Catholic "Humanist."—Hermann Hefele, who died on March 30 of this year, was of all German Catholic writers the one who manifested most kinship to the American "Humanist" movement. He held with Professor Babbitt that Romanticism is a disease, and maintained that classicism, especially in its Roman form, represented the norm of cultural health. The religious humanism of the Renaissance has had no more illustrious a defender. Sometimes as in "Das Gesetz der Form" he expressed these ideas directly, philosophically, though the medium of "letters to the dead" was reminiscent of Landor—whom, in several ways, he recalled. Hefele was an exceptionally careful stylist, which sufficed to keep him safe from widespread popularity even when as in "Die Entsagenden" he chose the short-story form to convey ideas of great brilliance and sometimes challenging novelty. Best known possibly are his little books on Dante and Goethe's "Faust," though a reprinted lecture on Catholicism in Germany started a good deal of controversy. His criticism was often telling, as when he accused Max Scheler of incurable Romanticism. Yet Hefele's humanism was always restrained by a genuinely Catholic scepticism of all cultural conclusions. As a friend, Josef Bernhart says of him in a memorial essay contributed to the current *Hochland*, he probably expressed the "quintessence of romantic yearning as felt by a man who wills to be classical." Dr. Hefele was born in 1885, and was another in the long list of Swabian geniuses.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—The World's Committees of the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. will conduct a conference of "The World's Christian Youth Organizations" at Dassel, Germany, June 19 to 28. Among the topics for discussion are "Responsibility of

Youth in Modern Society," "Attitude to the Secular Mass Movement," "Our Loyalty to the Church and the Churches," "Orientation to Work and Leisure" and "Christian Youth Faces the Present International and Inter-racial Questions." * * * The American Unitarian Association at its 111th meeting in Boston, May 19, passed a resolution guaranteeing Unitarian ministers the right to follow the dictates of conscience in case of war. * * * It is announced that of the American quota of \$3,500,000 for the 1936 United Palestine Fund Appeal more than one-third has already been raised. * * * At the 190th annual sessions of the Eastern Synod of the United States Reformed Church a new committee on social service was formed. The Reformed ministers of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were commissioned by a unanimous vote to attend the public hearing on House Bill No. 35 which would establish state-wide lotteries in Pennsylvania. * * * At the Northern Baptist Convention recently held at St. Louis a suggestion of union with the Disciples of Christ denomination, of 1,650,000 members, was received with considerable favor by the assembled delegates.

* * * *

Technological Unemployment Agreement.—Companies operating 85 percent of the nation's railroad mileage and the twenty standard railway unions signed the first industrial agreement which provides for employees displaced by technical industrial evolution. Over 1,000,000 workers are provided for in the pact, although no one knows how many of these will actually be displaced. The highest estimate is 150,000, but several executives expressed the opinion that if traffic picks up by 10 percent there will be no need for any discharges. The railroads are at present operating under the law which established the Federal Coordinator and ruled that employment by the companies may not be reduced below the level of May, 1933. This law, and the office of Coordinator, expire in June, and no renewal is contemplated. No large-scale mergers are expected in the near future, but managers will probably begin some pooling of trains and merging of terminal facilities and repair shops. More important economies are looked for among companies which are already dominated by other lines. The agreement, to be dated June 18 and to run five years, provides that when a man is demoted because of mergers, his old wage runs on for five years or until he has made up the difference by promotions. Those who lose jobs because of rationalizations will receive a "coordination allowance" equal to 60 percent of their regular pay, for periods running from six months to sixty months, depending on length of service. If the displaced employee wishes, he can substitute for this a "separation allowance," or lump sum, the size of which likewise is governed by length of service. The moving and traveling expenses arising from "coordinations" of the lines will be stood by the companies, as is usually done now. The corporations will also make good all losses resulting from abandoned leases and sales of homes. Some railroad men expect 75,000 homes to be affected, worth \$150,000,000, and look to see the railroads in the real estate business for a long time.

The Play and Screen

New Faces of 1936

IN PRESENTING the second edition of "New Faces" (the first was given two seasons ago), Leonard Sillman continues his excellent intentions by offering another intimate review interpreted by people most of whom are new to the theatre. The days of the extravagant review costing fabulous prices to produce are certainly numbered, the altruism of Broadway managers not extending to the point where no matter how large the audiences may be the initial cost of production is rarely returned. The answer is of course the intimate review, the review so admirably typified in the past by the "Greenwich Village Follies" and the first "Little Show." Such a review costs comparatively little to produce because it relies on the merit of the numbers and the performers rather than on luxurious scenery and costumes and well-known names. Many an old-line review has succeeded despite the fact that the sketches were far from witty and the music banal, but the intimate show can succeed only when its sketches, its music and its performers have something novel to say and say it with wit, humor and sprightliness.

This is unfortunately just what "New Faces of 1936" does not do. There are one or two amusing lyrics and sketches, but the great majority are just old and often rather vulgar repetitions of what the stage has long been satiated with, and the blatant music doesn't help matters. There are a few performers who may well be heard from in the future, and one of them, Imogene Coca, is not a stranger, and is always welcome. Of the newcomers a word should be said for the exquisite dancing of Irene Moore, and the acid humor of Elizabeth Wilde in "Marian Never Looked Lovelier." Miss Coca, Miss Moore and Miss Wilde are just the type of artist that such a review requires, and there are a few others who, had they had better material to work with, might have done effective things. (At the Vanderbilt Theatre.)

Orpheus and Eurydice

THE PRODUCTION of "Orfeo ed Eurydice" at the Metropolitan Opera House under the baton of Arturo Toscanini in 1909 is one of the great memories of New York opera, and to think that we have had to wait for twenty-seven years before the Metropolitan gave it again is lamentable. Now we have it at last in the post-season popular-priced performances, and at least musically it is given excellently. Richard Hageman, returning to the Metropolitan after many years absence, gave an admirable reading of the score, while Anna Kaskas sang the music of Orpheus so well that it may be hoped we have a new American contralto of the first rank. Jeanne Pengelly's Eurydice and Maxine Stellman's Amor were also at least adequate and the singing of the chorus very good indeed. So far so good. But, alas, there was a large fly in the ointment, and this was the ballet.

Gluck's opera was given much in the same way as Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or" was formerly presented—that is, the soloists and chorus sang while the action

was mimed by the ballet. Now it is possible that "Orpheus" might be effectively given in this fashion, if the ballet were in the spirit of the story and the music, but in this case they very certainly were not. What they did was heavy-footed, unimaginative, trivial and occasionally funny. Gluck's music and the classic story are among the world's supreme artistic masterpieces, and require for their projection a high nobility of mood, a classic dignity, an impelling imagination. The orchestra, the chorus, the soloists performed their part, and gave a moving evocation of the work, while all the time the ballet seemed almost as if it were giving a parody or a burlesque of what the artists in the orchestra pit were accomplishing. The idea of miming the performance was perhaps praiseworthy, but the carrying out lamentable. Yet the large audience seemed by its applause satisfied. What this signifies I know not. (At the Metropolitan Opera House.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Green Pastures

VERILY a great contribution is made by the Warner producers to the art of the motion picture in completing with such satisfaction so courageous an undertaking as this simple colored folk's interpretation of the biblical stories of the creation, of man's blunders and sins, of angels crude and curious, of "De Lawd" having a hard time with this world of His and the creatures He has made to His own likeness, wavering from moments of spiritual uplift to childlike laughter in folklore—always entertaining, never preaching.

The production is a masterful rarity, not alone from the viewpoint of its unusual subject, but in its superlative treatment, splendid construction and impressionable casting. Not in all of the screen's forty years has there been anything like it. There is an ethereal quality perfectly counter-balanced with earthly tangibilities, running the full scale from the honest Negro humor to dark, stark tragedy. Marc Connelly wrote this screen version of his Pulitzer Prize play, and obviously took full advantage of the wider opportunities afforded by the sweep of the camera, extending himself proportionately to the considerable benefit of the newer version.

There are seventy-eight distinct characterizations, yet there is no confusion, and although they are projected kaleidoscopically, each makes an indelible impression, not alone because of the greatness of the biblical images which they represent, but equally because of the admirable dignity, bespeaking sincerity, of the individual performance. Many members of the all-colored cast appeared in the original stage play, which ran for five years, touring the whole country. Those who might take the subject and its treatment too seriously as representing a religious preaching, bordering on satire, should understand that, rather than intending irreverence, the playwright set out to depict the rare, sincere, at times childish intimacy with which the illiterate, primitive Negro imagines his relationship with heaven and its constituents. The extent to which author and producers captured that mind deserves high praise.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

Communications

YOUTH'S CONUNDRUMS

Astoria, Long Island.

TO the Editor: Permit me to comment upon "Youth's Conundrums" in your issue of THE COMMONWEAL of May 15, 1936.

The faith that moves mountains and the implicit trust in a Divine Providence together with manly courage, hard work and the religious attitude toward the marriage state as something sacred, as well as the knowledge that the husband and consequent father was the head of the family, has in the past permitted and will in the future enable our young men to enter the marriage state and succeed in bringing up families.

Truly one does not have to look far amongst one's acquaintances to see the truth of this statement. Trials and tribulations will beset all but God's blessings will provide the joy and means to offset the sorrow that befalls all. Surely God is fully concerned in man's corporal welfare as well as his spiritual.

Now the particular point that I want to bring out is that the women of our day in too many instances are failing in their duty to cement that bond of matrimony that is based on real love, which has knowledge of the sanctity of marriage and that she is to bear the sorrows as well as the joys of that state. There are countless noble women. I do not dare to decry all, or place man upon a pedestal. My belief is, however, that lack of marriage and the improper marriage contacts are greatly due to the women of today, the so-called modern woman.

Now you may say what has this all to do with Valentine Matelis's article: of a youth inured to poverty marrying an employed girl. I will endeavor to present facts, which if they did not exist would permit such a noble girl to marry a more promising young man.

The so-called modern woman wants to dominate man, and in many instances where the husband's salary is sufficient to provide a home she insists on going to business to be "independent"; which consequently keeps a single girl from employment, many of them real home girls who would make good wives and would be successful in finding the proper mate if permitted to enter the working field. This condition of married women being employed is also seriously affecting the opportunity of men finding employment; has affected the wage scale; affects the economic condition of the country, as it decreases the purchasing power; and surely affects the birth rate.

Another type of modern woman is the one whose predominant appeal is that of sex. To a man of common sense the appeal is but an artifice. She is, however, by her wiles ensnaring many promising young men, preventing their making good matches with real home girls. She enslaves them with passion, only to discard them for some new flame, whom in turn she discards. This pseudo-love she instills into these youths is but an appeal to their basest instincts and there is a resultant loss of will, courage, initiative and all those manly virtues requisite to face the world and fight life's battles.

When young men begin to know women like their mothers, who aided men to develop their nobler instincts and walk humbly with their God, there will be no occasion for a young man entering the marriage state to be supported by a woman. And his ability to support a woman will lead to his determination to support a family that will be a credit to his God, Church, home and country. Contrary to this, today we have separations, divorce, birth control, atheism and Communism. God save us from a race of "Gigolos"!

JACOB F. LAMOUR.

ESCAPISM

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editor: Miss Cather, in her article on the art of "Escapism," asks, "Isn't the phrase tautological? What has art ever been but escape? . . . Art has never contributed anything to help matters—except escape."

Memories of the classroom suggest that the Greeks defined the effect of tragedy—and, by inference, of all art—as purgation. And it was explained for us that purgation meant seeing the problems of life, not personally, in their disturbing relations to our own lives, but impersonally and in universal relations. Art helped us to face the tragedies of the human lot because it allowed us to contemplate them serenely as spectators, and then disposed them—and with the persuasive clarity, not of dialectic, but of beauty—in their place in the divine order. Art purged life, in short, of terror and pain, by making it splendid.

If this classical account of the function of art holds true, then surely for a large portion of modern art "escapist" is an accurate, if ugly, name, and conveys a legitimate reproach. Novels which do not present life to us, but falsify it; art which seeks to cheer us, not by explaining painful facts, but by distracting us with happier matters; mere romance—in short—can protest no injustice in being called "escapist," since it can have no other function than merely helping us to forget the natural ills it cannot cure. Not that this function is without utility. Romance shares with society, eating, exercise, etc., the capacity of giving recreation—the need of which few souls are strong enough to surmount. But recreation is not purgation; and life is not clarified in the contemplation of escapist art, any more than tiring worries are solved by sleeping. If the function of art really is to clarify life, then the contemptuous connotation of the word "escapist" is justified, regarding an art which does not face problems but evades them.

Of course art is not called on to face and solve technical problems of industry and politics. And there is even a sense in which we can sympathize with a conception of art in general as an escape. For the sensation that comes with the contemplation of great art is one of escape. But it is inaccurate, like many sensations. Victory may feel like escape; the sight of the wide and low horizon that opens beneath the eye when one has conquered a steep and wooded mountain, is a kind of escape; and the peace which comes when great problems have been solved and

hard sacrifices endured and finished, is in a very true sense an escape. But not in the sense of an evasion.

Perhaps it is only a juster word that is wanted. Might not Miss Cather have said more happily that "art has never contributed anything to help matters, except *freedom*"? A sufficient gloss to this remark would be the dictum, "The truth shall make you free."

ALBERT J. STEISS.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: The letter from Willa Cather which you published in your issue of April 17 is full of arresting statements which challenge thought. One is particularly daring. It reads: "Economics and art are strangers."

In answer to this fallacy one needs only to remark that a dead artist never creates works. To create works of art the artist must be physically as well as spiritually alive. To use the examples of art preserved in the cathedrals of Europe as proof, it is quite certain that these would not be, if there had been no economic foundation to provide the Gothic stone-cutters with sustaining food while they erected in stone the concepts of the architects of their time. These architects could not have continued to conceive the beauty of the cathedrals from the potter's field. These great monuments to human aspiration are the result of relatively stable economic conditions in the world of religion.

To cite an outstanding example of the close association of economics and art in Willa Cather's own province of art one needs only to quote from "Light on the Land Question," by a man in the street, as follows:

"My doubts were not lessened when I found that Henry George was the author of the framed quotation above the mantelpiece. So this was the man who invited me to die for an idea! I turned over the pages in a mood that was still sceptical, if not indeed quarrelsome. But I had to remember that this book has had an enormous sale in numerous editions, and been translated into many languages. Over 3,000,000 copies have been sold; it has been translated even into Chinese. It seemed advisable, therefore, to approach it with respect. I turned over more pages and it soon became clear that I was reading a brilliant exponent of the English language. The style was vigorous, clear, persuasive. It had the unmistakable touch of the master. It was a pleasure to read such finished and polished prose. But this very pleasure put me on my guard. This man, I said to myself, writes too well. I must beware of him. Clothed in such attractive language almost any idea might be made to seem reasonable. What appears to be unanswerable reasoning may be merely the sophistries of the intellectual strategist. Let me look to my defenses against the assault of these massed battalions of words!"

The man in the street is describing his reactions as he scans the pages of "Progress and Poverty."

If Willa Cather reads "Progress and Poverty" she will know that there is a very close connection between economics seen spiritually and the art of writing.

JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor: I read Willa Cather's splendid article in the issue of April 17 with immense admiration. I congratulate you on having it. I read THE COMMONWEAL every week and always with profit and pleasure.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

SAINT THÉRÈSE AND HENRI CHÉRON

Englewood, N. J.

TO the Editor: This unimportant correction of a slight misstatement in your issue of May 15 will be welcomed, I believe, by THE COMMONWEAL in the interests of accuracy and by many of your readers, who are clients of Saint Thérèse and who have therefore normally an insatiable appetite for the details of her life.

The inexact statement was: "Henri Chéron, former Minister of Justice and Mayor of Lisieux, France, who died last month, was an intimate friend of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus when she was a little girl. She begged him to teach her to play the accordion and he often accompanied her while she sang."

This legend has been frequently repeated in the French press, sometimes inoffensively, sometimes in satire as when a picture would be drawn of the Minister of Justice accompanying on his accordion the pious canticles of the child Thérèse.

Like all legends, this one rests on a substratum of truth. The facts, given to me by Henri Chéron himself whom I visited in 1927, when I was attempting to interview all the living relatives, friends and acquaintances of Saint Thérèse, are as follows: Before Chéron entered the legal profession and the political field, he had been a student of pharmacy apprenticed to the Lisieux chemist, Isadore Guérin, the maternal uncle of Saint Thérèse. At the uncle's home, where Chéron lived for a time, he did meet the young saint, then eleven years of age, when she came to dine with her uncle who received each of his nieces in turn at his table every Sunday evening. That is all that is fact. The little Thérèse never remained for the Guérin musicales held later in the evening. It was her older cousin, Marie Guérin, an excellent musician and the possessor of an unusually melodious voice, whom Chéron taught to play the accordion.

It should be added that although Henri Chéron was not always an ardent Catholic, he practised his religion faithfully in his later years. When he was Mayor of Lisieux he used his office and also his higher political connections in favor of the proposed "Boulevard de la Basilique," and it was through his constant efforts and influence that the project was finally ratified. During his last illness, Chéron insisted that he be taken to the Hospital of St. Thérèse. He carried her relic and he was heard to pronounce her name in prayer during his agony. For the facts in this paragraph, I am indebted to an article in the May, 1936, issue of *Les Annales de Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux*, which concludes: "May we not hope that he enjoyed the protection of Saint Thérèse when he appeared before his Judge."

REV. ALBERT H. DOLAN, O. Carm.

Books

A Reflective Novelist

The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, by H. V. Marrot. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

JOHN GALSWORTHY was fortunate in many ways, and most deservedly fortunate in his friends. The soundness of his body, the sanity of his mind, the extent of his wealth were as he remarked the gifts of Providence. Certainly the gift of his friends was providential. No man had better tutors or more competent interpreters. Joseph Conrad, Edward Garnett, Sir James Barrie, Gilbert Murray and many other famous men of letters gave him their sympathy and guidance; Hermon Ould, Leon Schalit, R. H. Coats and the French academician André Chevrillon presented his thought in the most favorable light. Now one of his most intimate friends, Mr. H. V. Marrot, has written the first and official biography. As yet the devil's advocate has hardly been heard.

Mr. Marrot modestly confesses that his book "consists largely of quotations" because "they explain him (Galsworthy) better than any biographic class." His plan is "to let Galsworthy speak for himself." As a result this life is definitely uncritical. Letters, diaries, press clippings and photographs are strung together on a thin cord of comment. The evidence and the exhibits are complete; argument is shrewdly deferred. But within these self-imposed limitations the biographer has achieved noteworthy success.

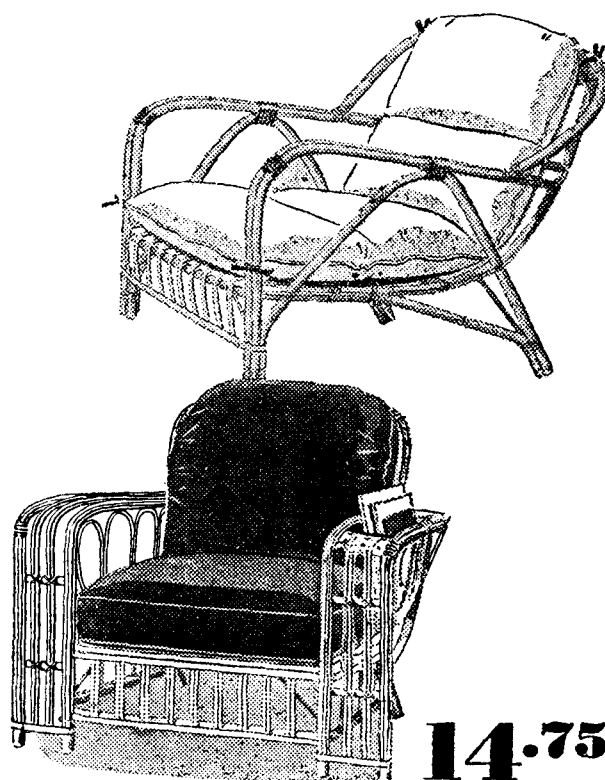
The thousand details of an immensely busy if unsensational life have been sifted and arranged. Galsworthy's childhood at Coombe, his schooling at Harrow and Oxford, his travels around the world, his brief contact with the law, his career as a novelist, dramatist and humanitarian from the obscurity of the John Sinjohn period to the fame of the Nobel Prize, his ambitions and plans, his successes and failures all reveal the converted Forsyte, the man of property who had examined his conscience and did penance by serving humanity. But these intimate revelations also betray weaknesses. His tolerance was that of the sceptic for whom truth in the large sense was unattainable; his humanitarianism was that of the pantheist who believed that all creatures are different phases of the same impersonal creative force; his attack on the abuses of modern society, sometimes accurate, sometimes amiss, was frequently inspired by fantastic theories, wholly or partly emotional in origin. Galsworthy's bitter campaign against the strict divorce laws for instance obviously derived from a personal experience which violently distorted his perspective.

Private documents and records of conversations disclose a somewhat pitiful misunderstanding, not to say ignorance, of general ideas and religion. Readers of "A Sheaf" and "The Inn of Tranquillity" will find Galsworthy's positive dislike of Christian religions confirmed more frequently than occasion demanded, and a considerable correspondence establishes Galsworthy in the materialistic pantheism which is the basis of so many of his

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



14.75

complete with cushions

rattan lounge chairs . . . distinctly fine

chairs, this year's newest designs.

Rattan in white or natural; cushions in indantone, a soft pliant

sun-and-water-resistant fabric,

seldom found at sale prices, or in

fabricoid. Both in blue, green,

red or yellow.

summer furniture—fifth floor

NEXT WEEK

TOLEDANO AND MEXICO, by Randall Pond, comes to us from Mexico, D. F., and gives a close-up of a leader who seems a coming man across the Rio Grande. He is the one who leads the newly powerful CTM labor unions that have superseded Calles's and Morones's CROM. Mr. Pond looks with suspicious dislike at the Marxian principles and dictatorial actions of the new associate of Cardenas. . . . Henry Somerville writes about MR. KEYNES, the famed economist. Mr. Somerville hates usury. He finds in J. M. Keynes's new and monumental work, "The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money," a welcome recognition of the fact that the medieval schoolmen were not talking foolishness when they made a distinction of "the return on money-loans from the return to active investment." The former is usury; the latter profit. Another spike is driven into "classical" economics, and the "heresiarch," Keynes, joins a more solid tradition. . . . THE CAMPUS AND THE CAPITOL, by Oliver McKee, jr., describes the entirely new interest college students and graduates are manifesting in government and the reasons for it and changes it may lead to. Young people are no longer content with historical expositions of political theories, but are also immersing themselves in the examination and practise of the actual politics. . . . ONTARIO SCHOOLS, by W. L. Scott, tells how the Catholics of that province shifted their vote from 95 percent Conservative to 99 percent Liberal in a generally successful effort to secure a justice for their schools which is fairly typical of Canada. Rather complex systems are in force in Canada designed to portion out publicly collected moneys between "public schools" and "separate schools," with the idea—apparently incomprehensible to most of our compatriots—that people should pay taxes for the kind of schools they wish and patronize. A very enlightening, practical and stimulating article.

stories. Since he himself maintained that his only object in writing was the expression of his philosophy (page 263) his metaphysical and theological confusion takes on added significance and introduces new factors which must be considered in a final critical estimate. On the other hand Galsworthy's admirers will be relieved to know that the apparently unfair treatment of authority in "The Silver Box" and "Justice" as well as in some of the shorter fiction was unintentional; the exigencies of the theatre and the short story did not permit the qualifications which we find in the communications to and from Winston Churchill.

However much one disagrees with Galsworthy's explanation of the universe, however often one is amazed at the blankness of his historical sense and his not infrequent moral astigmatism, one is always conscious that the man himself was superior to the philosopher and the artist, that his faults are more irritating because Galsworthy was so charming and generous. He was full of good intentions and bad reasons, and it was only a humble austerity and a genuine refinement of soul which saved him from "taking a lunar."

Mr. Marrot has performed an enormously difficult task very well. Respect for the living as well as for the dead has naturally required a decent reticence concerning certain important incidents in Galsworthy's life, incidents which in the course of time will have much bearing on the interpretation of "The Man of Property" and "The Fugitive" especially. Some readers will be disappointed because Mr. Marrot does not explicitly annotate his sources and many will join the reviewer in his request for an adequate index for the next edition. The author's omissions are few and on the whole negligible.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

Inviting Sympathy

The Exile, by Pearl S. Buck. New York: John Day, Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

THIS book, it seems, is the fictionized biography of Mrs. Buck's mother. Mrs. Buck begins her story back in Holland, carries her mother's grandparents to Virginia in revolt against religious persecution, and there sets them to leading a prosperous farming life. Carie (the exile of the title) grew up through the years of the Civil War, had the chance of marrying one of the gay young blades of the town, but, because he drank, passed him up in favor of an ardent young missionary, with whom she went to China, where the greater part of her life was spent.

Carie was of a kindly and sensuous temperament, more given to the desire to bring up her children in a clean and orderly fashion than to spread the Gospel amongst the Chinese. Her husband's inclinations were just the reverse, and in consequence her life everywhere was deprived of its fondest wishes. Her numerous children were easily infected in disease-ridden China, and her husband, translating the New Testament from Greek directly into Chinese and otherwise following the guidance of the spirit, deprived her of much more than simple companionship.

Mrs. Buck's story records the sequence of births and deaths and pictures the pathetic attempts of Carie to establish a Dutch-Virginian life against the odds of oriental squalor and a husband more concerned with salvation than sanitation.

Those readers who delight in Mrs. Buck's simplisms of thought and language will not be disappointed by "The Exile." Those on whose nerves these have always grated will get further aggravation from this book. Pseudo-biblical diction and a story that seems to move forward on the blood stream some may accept as an unusual form of *chinoiserie*; but in the present case their falsity loses even the last vestige of the exotic.

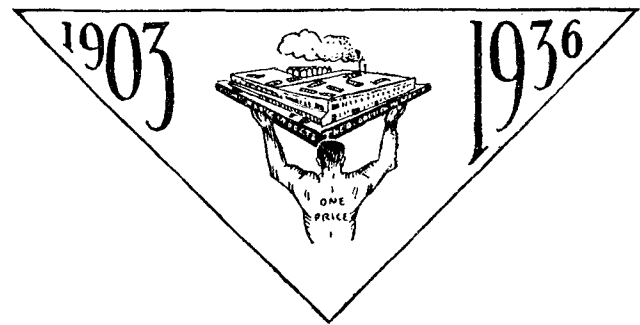
Here, as ever, Mrs. Buck celebrates the warm and fluctuant animal substructure of life, but for obvious reasons fails to convince us that Carie was a heroine in her unrelenting pursuit of its pleasures whatever her incidental kindnesses, and fails to convince us that she would have not been an exile anywhere. But to one reader this book gave the sole enjoyment he has so far had in reading Mrs. Buck—that of sympathizing with Carie's husband.

GEOFFREY STONE.

Catholic Worship

Catholic Liturgics, by Richard Stapper, S.T.D.; translated and adapted by David Baier, O.F.M., S.T.D. Paterson, New Jersey: St. Anthony Guild Press. \$3.00.

THE dean of the theological faculty of St. Bonaventure's Seminary at Allegany, New York, has rendered a distinct service to English-speaking students of the Liturgy by this translation and adaptation of the well-known handbook, "Katholische Liturgik" (sixth edition), of Professor Stapper of Muenster in Westphalia. After a brief introduction, partly theoretical or "systematic," partly historical, certain fundamental aspects of the subject are discussed in Chapter I under the following headings: Duty and Species of Divine Worship, the Priesthood of Jesus Christ, the Nature of Liturgy, Purposes of Liturgy, Regulation of Liturgical Rites, Liturgical Languages, Symbolism of Sacred Rites and Liturgical Art, Ecclesiastical Chant and Music, Speech and Action as Means of Liturgical Expression. The second chapter deals with Liturgical Places. The discussion is perforce brief, but none the less valuable: the symbolism of the church-building and of its dedicatory rites is summarily expounded and the various styles of Christian architecture rapidly surveyed. The interior equipment of the church-building receives special treatment—altars, tabernacle and exposition-throne, choir-seats, communion-rail, pulpit, confessional, baptismal and holy-water fonts, imagery and other decorations, bells, organ. The final section of the chapter is devoted to Christian cemeteries. The third chapter consists of a discussion of liturgical seasons, among which the Easter cycle naturally predominates. But the Christmas cycle also receives its due share of attention, nor is any other topic of importance omitted: Sunday observance, sanctification of week-days, holy days of obligation, saints' days. More valuable in its way, and longer, too, than any of the preceding chapters is the



NATIONALLY APPROVED CLEANSERS

LOHREX KRYLOH
KLENSLOH TILEOLEUM
CLEANSOLEUM PINE CLEANSER
YELLOW CLEANSER
SCRUBBING COMPOUND
SHILOH PORCELAIN CLEANER

Midland Cleansers are uniform and of the highest quality. You are assured results at a minimum of cost and labor.

33
Years



of
Service

**MIDLAND
CHEMICAL LABS. INC.
AT DUBUQUE IOWA.**

Write for
Information!

OLDEST CAMPS for CATHOLIC CHILDREN in AMERICA

OUR LADY of LOURDES CAMP for GIRLS—CAMP ACADIA for BOYS

In Catskills Mountains 2300 Ft. Altitude
Private Lakes Full Length 9 Hole Golf Course
All Sports—Baseball and Hockey Fields
\$200,000 Equipment
Doctor and Registered Nurses

Rt. Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph.D.,
Director

468 West 143rd St. Tel. Ed. 4-2855, 5820, 0838

School Life at Canterbury

is an illustrated booklet of interest to parents who are planning to give their boys the scholastic and cultural advantages of a leading New England preparatory school, and who are concerned about bringing them up in the Catholic Faith. A copy will be mailed upon request. Address: Dr. Nelson Hume, Headmaster, Canterbury School, New Milford, Conn.

Bind Every Volume

Volume XXIII Now Ready

In response to numerous requests from subscribers we have arranged to supply attractive binders for individual volumes of **THE COMMONWEAL**.

The binders are loose leaf with a capacity of twenty-six issues. They are handsomely bound in red imitation leather with stiff covers, red skytogen lined. The backbone of the cover is stamped in gold with the number of the volume and its inclusive dates. The price of the binder is \$1.90 postage paid to any address.

In ordering the binders specify the number of copies you desire and the number of the volume. Please indicate if you wish to be placed on our list to receive future binders as issued.

THE COMMONWEAL

386 Fourth Avenue
New York City

fourth on liturgical prayer. The study of the multifarious elements of the Divine Office will be especially appreciated by all who are bound to the recitation of the canonical hours.

One is at times almost painfully affected by the author's succinctness, but it would not accord with the general purpose of his work to linger over details. For all their brevity, the historical notes cannot but prove stimulating to the majority of readers. The concluding section of this chapter, entitled "Liturgical Prayer and Popular Devotions," deserves special mention, as containing more than one helpful and constructive suggestion. The longest chapter of all, "The Liturgy of the Mass or the Sacrifice of the Church," comprises eighteen sections, as follows: I. The Idea of Sacrifice and Its Realization before Christ; II. The Sacrifice of the Cross and the Institution of the Holy Eucharist; III. Mass in the First Three Centuries; IV. Eastern Liturgies of the Mass; V. Western Liturgies of the Mass; VI. The Roman Mass in the Middle Ages and the Roman Missal; VII. Present Liturgical Conception of the Sacrifice of the Mass; VIII. Preparation of the Celebrant for Mass; IX. Necessary Equipment, Time and Place of the Celebration of Mass; X. Sacred Vessels; XI. Sacred Vestments; XII. Episcopal Insignia; XIII. Symbolism of Colors, Light, Fire and Incense; XIV. The Mass from the Beginning to the Credo; XV. The Offertory; XVI. The Consecration; XVII. The Communion; XVIII. Conclusion of the Mass. It will be seen at once how comprehensive this chapter is, with what an abundance of material it is concerned. The final chapter of the volume treats of the sacraments and sacramentals. Here again the historical data are meager, but it is to be hoped that they may serve to whet the appetite of many a student to read further in this very interesting and important field.

Special importance and interest attaches to the bibliography which Father Baier appends to the work. Extending over twenty-five pages, it represents an expenditure of much time and labor, and since it is, as far as the present writer is aware, the first liturgical bibliography of its kind to have been published in this country, it may be profitable to give it closer attention. Any negative comments which may follow can by no means detract from its essential value, which is considerable.

There is a certain incompleteness at times in the information given which cannot but cause much difficulty to a student who has no other resources at hand. Who would surmise, for example, from so simple an entry as that given on page 344 of Professor Andrieu's article, "Le Missel de la chapelle papale à la fin du xiii^e siècle," that it is to be found in volume 2 (pages 348-376) of the *Miscellanea Ehrle (Studi e Testi, 37-42, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, 1924)*? Surely, "Rome, 1924" is quite insufficient in this case. Again, Baumstark's recension of the text of the Gloria in excelsis (*Die Textüberlieferung des Hymnus angelicus*) is contained in a volume, "Hundert Jahre A. Marcus und E. Weber's Verlag 1818-1918," of which very few copies are to be found in American libraries. "Bonn, 1919" alone is of slight help in this connection. What a surprise, too, would be in

store for the student who on the basis of the inoffensive entry on page 335 were to order a copy of Mohlberg, "Missale Gothicum," Augsburg, 1929, and later find himself confronting a bill of several hundred marks for the superb facsimile which had been sent him!

Certain omissions, too, are outstanding: Leroquais's great description of the manuscript sacramentaries and missals preserved in the public libraries of France is included, of course, but surely his corresponding work on the Books of Hours of the Bibliothèque Nationale might have found a place, to say nothing of the much larger work on the breviaries (6 volumes, Paris, 1934). Finally, a future edition—and it is most devoutly to be hoped that a future edition will be demanded—will doubtlessly include besides the one work of Karl Young mentioned on page 343 his great two-volume corpus, "The Drama of the Medieval Church" (Oxford University Press, 1933).

ANSELM STRITTMATTER.

The Pastor of St. Mary's

Monsignor, by Doran Hurley. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.00.

THIS novel, a recent Catholic Book Club choice, depicts a man at grips with the obnoxious sin of pride. Against the realistic background of a New England factory community with its cosmopolitan population of Irish, English, French and Portuguese Catholics, Monsignor Flanagan stands out as a dominant personality. As the energetic pastor of "old St. Mary's" he was indirectly responsible for many of the beneficial changes in the social and industrial life of Millington. The people of St. Mary's, predominantly of Irish stock, were his people; he felt more at home among them and he loved them dearly for their unflinching Catholicity. However, at times, he indulged in a petty vainglory. His innate susceptibility to pride got the best of him.

A man of great flux of temperament, who despised pomp and vanity, and at the same time craved power, Monsignor Flanagan was a peculiar admixture of a Saint Francis and a Richelieu. Throughout the novel he is contrasted with the gentle, kindly old Bishop Scanlon, who is well aware of his subordinate's weakness and of his great potentialities for good. Mr. Hurley's treatment of his theme is, indeed, a sympathetic one. One cannot help but admire the Monsignor in his attempts to check the ever-recurrent surges of pride which are a veritable blight on his life. The change to St. Leo's parish, composed for the most part of Catholics of Yankee descent, the mellowing influences of time and experience and, ultimately, the conservatism of the episcopate, contributed to extirpate the roots of that pernicious force which often subverted the good that he was capable of doing to a large measure.

As the study of the life of the humble people of a mill-town, especially of the Irish-American element, the book is a real contribution to Americana. Mr. Hurley's plain, unvarnished prose is conducive to a clear understanding of his theme.

EDWARD J. CLARKE.

VISTA MARIA



The realization of an artist's dream on the magnificent mountain estate of the late George Inness, Jr., at Cragmoor, Ulster County, New York.

Three-hundred acres of woodlands, eighty acres of farms and gardens. Country fare from the farmlands. Six commodious residences for rent for the season. Rest Home, with accommodations for a hundred summer guests. The season opens in May. Two golf courses within a few minutes ride—one immediately adjoins the property. This beautiful property has been purchased for a Novitiate and Motherhouse of the Mission Health Sisters, and for their house of studies. They will share its healthful, beautiful surroundings with its summer guests who wish to enjoy the restful charm. Write for full details, rates and reservations to:

The Daughters of Mary,
Health of the Sick
8 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Banking by Mail is safe, convenient and continually growing in popularity with our depositors in all parts of the world.

Should you desire to use our Banking by Mail facilities, full details will be given at either Office or mailed you on request.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK

Resources Over \$483,000,000.00

UPTOWN OFFICE
5-7 East 42nd Street

DOWNTOWN OFFICE
51 Chambers Street, at City Hall

THIS BANK IS A MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL
DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

College of Notre Dame of Maryland

Charles Street Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
 A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women
 Affiliated with the Catholic University of America
 Registered by University of the State of New York and by the
 Maryland State Board of Education. Accredited by the Association
 of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and
 Maryland. Member of the American Council of Education. Courses
 leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Address Registrar.
NOTRE DAME PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Resident and Day Pupils Address Secretary

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa.

Conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.
 A College for Catholic Women. Incorporated under the laws of
 the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts,
 Sciences and Letters. Junior year abroad. For resident and non-
 resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the
 Main Line of the P. R. R. *Address Registrar*

ACADEMY OF ST. JOSEPH

IN-THE-PINES
 BRENTWOOD, LONG ISLAND

Boarding School for Young Ladies
 Preparatory Collegiate. Affiliated with the State University.
 Complete Courses in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music
 EXTENSIVE GROUNDS, LARGE CAMPUS, ATHLETICS
 HORSEBACK RIDING
 ADDRESS: MOTHER SUPERIOR

BETHANY REST HOUSE

(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
 Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
 Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass

REASONABLE RATES
 Sr. Directors, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll, P. O., N. Y.
 Tel. No. Ossining 1452

TRINITY COLLEGE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

An Institution for the Higher Education of Women
 Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Accredited by
 the Association of American Universities. Graduates eligible for
 membership in American Association of University Women.

For particulars, address
 THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

White Plains

WESTCHESTER COUNTY NEW YORK

Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion
 Fully Accredited
 Standard Courses in Arts and Sciences, pre-medical
 Journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies, library science,
 fine arts.
 Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus.
 Forty Minutes from New York

Ravenhill

GERMANTOWN, PENNA.

Boarding and Day School for Girls

Conducted by the Religious of the Assumption
 College Preparatory—General Courses

Apply to The Reverend Mother
 Academy of the Assumption
 SCHOOL HOUSE LANE, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

Church Vestments, Altar Linen
 Ecclesiastical Embroidery
*Conferences with reference to the
 adornment of churches*

Old Embroidery Transferred
 147 EAST 47th ST. NEW YORK
 ELdorado 5-1058

Farming

An Introduction to Country Life, by Alfred S. Campbell. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

A BOOK for city-bound people to avoid absolutely on good days. It presents in a series of short chapters the innumerable activities and calculations which make up the life of an intelligent farmer on a general farm. Agriculture is shown as a business which, unlike nearly all urban occupations, constitutes a practically complete and exclusive way of life. Those who like short hours and the five-day week will be appalled. By being altogether specific in its narration, while still aiming at the complete thing, this short survey manages to give about as convincing a picture for outsiders as they are likely to find. The author likes a farmer's life.

From Poe to Tate

Southern Poets, by Ed Winfield Parks. New York: American Book Company. \$1.00.

THOUGH written for use in schools, Mr. Parks's volume is really a monograph on the subject and an unusually good one. The selections are judicious, though a natural hesitation about contemporary poets leads to the omission of some very fine things. This is understandable, and it would in fact be impolite to ask for more than is afforded. The introduction is scholarly and interesting. Perhaps one might reasonably object to certain "humanistic" tints and shadows, such as that which leads Mr. Parks to minimize Lanier's services to prosodic theory because Lanier confused music and poetry. Of great value to every student of the country's literary history are the notes.

Immigrants

Human Migration, by Donald R. Taft. New York: The Ronald Press Company. \$4.00.

PROFESSOR TAFT, of the University of Illinois, discusses the history, characteristics and objectives of human migration. The outlook, while positivistic, is cautious. Religious influences are evaluated only in passing. It is the best book we have seen on the subject.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. OWEN B. MCGUIRE is a priest of the Diocese of Rochester who lived in Spain for seventeen years.

EDWARD A. MAGINTY is a contributor to English and American periodicals on music and liturgy.

GERALD RAFTERY is a New Jersey poet and teacher.

FRANCES FROST is the author of "These Acres," a book of poems, and "Innocent Summer," a novel.

EILEEN DUGGAN is a New Zealand poet, author of "Bird Songs of New Zealand."

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY teaches in the English department at Fordham University.

GEOFFREY STONE, of the staff of the *American Review*, is a writer of criticism for newspapers and reviews.

REV. ANSELM STRITTMATTER, O.S.B., is stationed at St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, D. C.

EDWARD J. CLARKE is a member of the faculty of Loughlin High School, Brooklyn, in the department of English.